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Boucicault

Arra-na-pogue



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SERGEL'S ACTING DRAMA

ARRAH-NA-POGUE

An Irish Drama in Three Acts

By
Dion Boucicault

365

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PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

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CHICAGO.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE ;

OR,

THE WICKLOW WEDDING.

An Irish Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

By DION BOUCICAULT,

Author of "Colleen Bawn," "Foul Play," "Formosa," "Elfie," "London Assurance," "Kerry," etc., etc.

TOGETHER WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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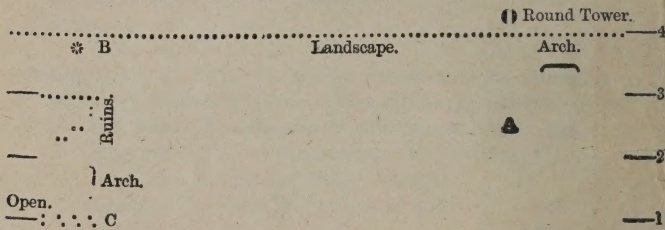
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| CAST. | | Theatre Royal, Dublin. | Princess's, London. |
|---|-----------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Col. Bagenal O'Grady, (Com. lead)... | Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM... | Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM. | |
| Beamish McCoul (Juvenile lead)... | Mr. RIGNOLD.. | Mr. H. VANDENHOFF. | |
| Major Coffin, an English Officer, 1st Walking Gent..... | { | Mr. HUNTLEY..... | Mr. F. CHARLES. |
| The Irish Secretary of State, (Comedy lead)..... | | | |
| Sergeant (Character part)..... | | | Mr. DAVID FISHER. |
| Sergeant (Character part)..... | | | Mr. C. SEYTON. |
| Michael Feeny (1st Low Comedy)... | Mr. S. JOHNSTON. | | Mr. DOMINICK MURRAY. |
| Winterbottom, a Valet (Comedy)..... | | | Mr. CHAPMAN. |
| Shaun the Post, a Wicklow Car- man (Irish, character lead)... | { | Mr. D. BOURCICAULT.. | Mr. D. BOURCICAULT. |
| Oiny Farrel, } Andy Regan, } Lanagan, } Patsy, } Tim Cogan, } | | | |
| Irish Peasants... { | { | Mr. LEWIS | Mr. REYNOLDS. |
| | | | Mr. DOWLING. |
| | | | Mr. BENTLEY. |
| | | | Mr. J. ANDREWS. |
| | | | Mr. BURKE. |
| Arrah Meelish (Character lead) | Mrs. D. BOURCICAULT.. | Mrs. D. BOURCICAULT. | |
| Fanny Power (1st Walking Lady)... | Mrs. B. WHITE..... | Miss M. OLIVER. | |
| Katty (Jig Dancer) | | Mr. ANDREWS. | |

NOTE.—In the original piece, the two characters, *Feeny* and *Gramyd* (afterwards left out), were performed respectively by Messrs. Reynolds and Emery.

SCENERY (*Irish*).

ACT I.—SCENE I.—Glendalough, the Ruins of St. Kevin's Abbey and the Seven Churches. Moonlight. In 4th grooves.

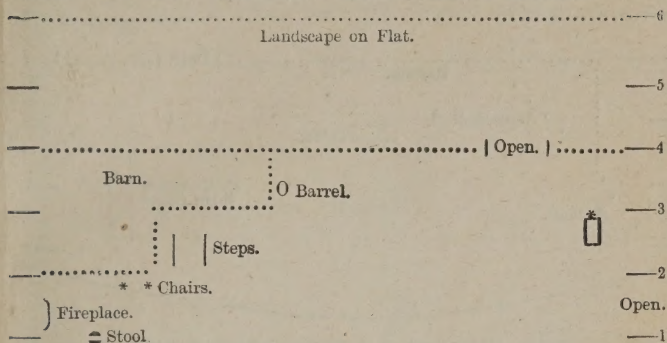


A, a canvas down, of lighter color than the ground canvas on the U. E. lines, representing the road which runs on from L. 2 E. to cross stage along front and off R. 1 E. B, limelight for moonlight; rays to reach L. 1 E. to the height of a man, there. C, set rock, profile, run on a little, 2d cut, 1st g. Arch, ruined, R. 1 E. Arch, ruined, pillars and only fragments of the curve left, up L. Ruined wall of church R. 2 E. Ruins continued on landscape. View of lake and mountains in distance.

SCENE II.—Landscape and cottage (L. side) on flat, in 2d grooves. D. in cottage, practicable. Very bright, sunrise effect. Wing, of trees, run on in 1st cut of 1st groove to mask withdrawal of previous set there. Window, lattice, to open, L. side of the D. in F

SCENE III.—Armory, wainscot walls, in 2d grooves, prac. D. in F., L. side.

SCENE IV.—Landscape and Interior of Barn in 6th grooves. Afternoon.

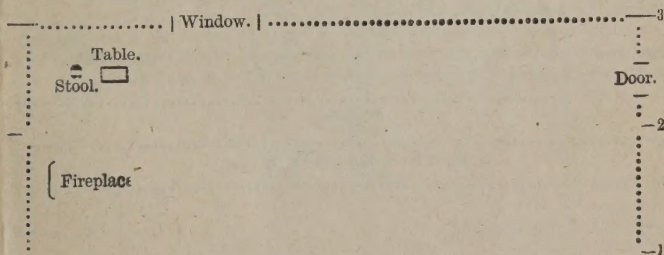


Remove 5 g. wing both sides to allow the horse and cart to enter L. and go of R., if necessary. The interior is closed in. R. side, the barn in three stories; the first is on a platform raised five feet above stage-level, reached by steps; the second is six to eight feet above that, reached by stairs; the third is a loft, the ceiling hidden by the sinks and borders, reached by a ladder. A small window R. in F., lets Beamish leave the loft by it so as to exit without, R. 4 E. All the platforms are practicable, and bear the weight of six men moving about; straw, hay, mealbags, etc., are arranged on the floors. The ends facing front are supported by posts and joists of rude timber. A railing runs around the ground platform on front. L. 1 E. open; R. 1 E. fireplace. Lighted candles, two R., one L. 1 E. Red fire to burn in fireplace. One of the doors to D. in 4 g. flat is to be easily lifted on its hinges, for dancing upon. Sinks and borders of beams and rafters.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Landscape, rocks and torrent, in 1st grooves.

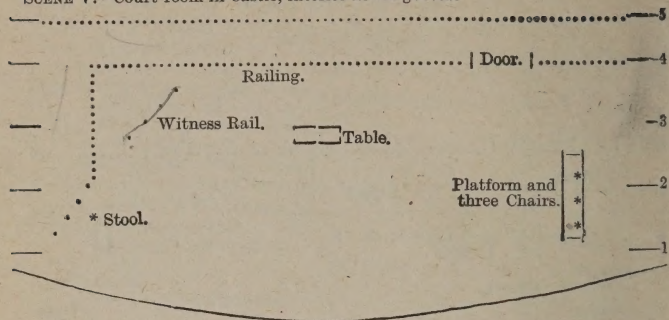
SCENE II.—Same as Scene 3d, Act I.

SCENE III.—Prison Interior in 3d grooves.



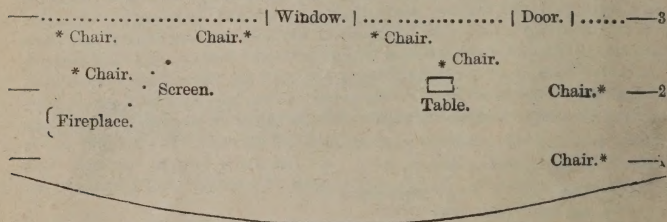
SCENE IV.—Canvas landscape (of Ballybetagh Castle on a rocky lake coast) on proscenium drop line; to roll up curtain-fashion.

SCENE V.—Court-room in Castle, interior in 5th grooves.



Closed in R. and L. On 4 g. a screen of wainscotting eight feet high. The flat is the wall. All the side sets and wall of dark oak panelling. Long table, with a drum at L. end, and papers on it, writing materials, chair behind it for CLERK. L. side front, a platform, raised one foot, covered with red cloth, with three large chairs. The railing along R. side is to keep the Mob back. D. in F., side, practicable.

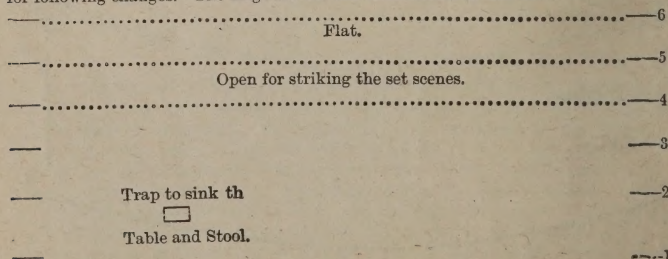
ACT III.—SCENE I.—Interior in 3d grooves.



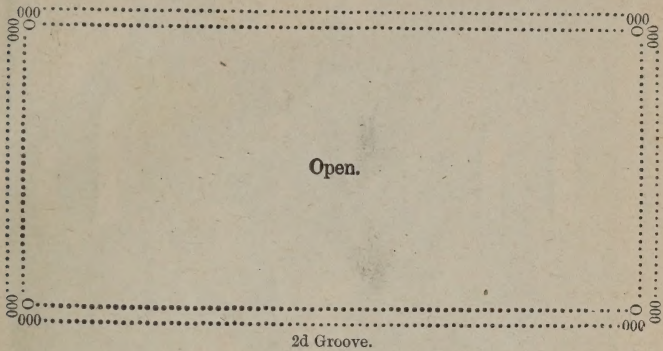
Closed in R. and L. Ample curtains to window. The D. in F. is practicable; back with wall-piece, carpet down.

SCENE II.—Same as Scene 4th, Act 2d.

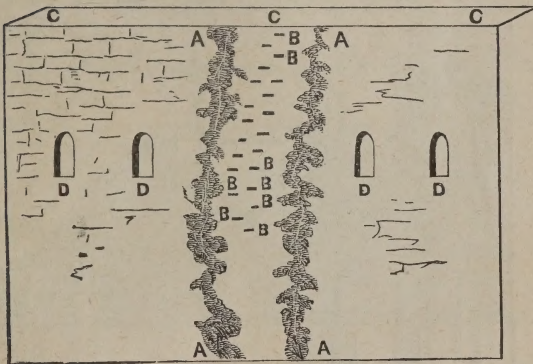
SCENE III.—Same as Scene 3d, Act II. (Or may be set on 2d groove, the fire-place then being placed transversely in R. proscenium E., to give more working-room for following changes. The stage for the last three scenes of Act III.



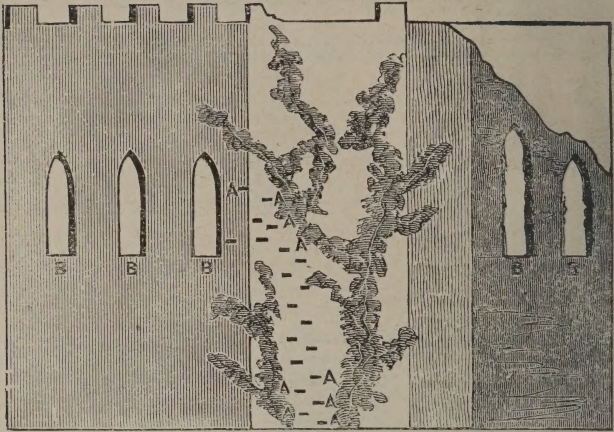
2d groove set, painted a dead black, to form a frame, to mask the working of following change.



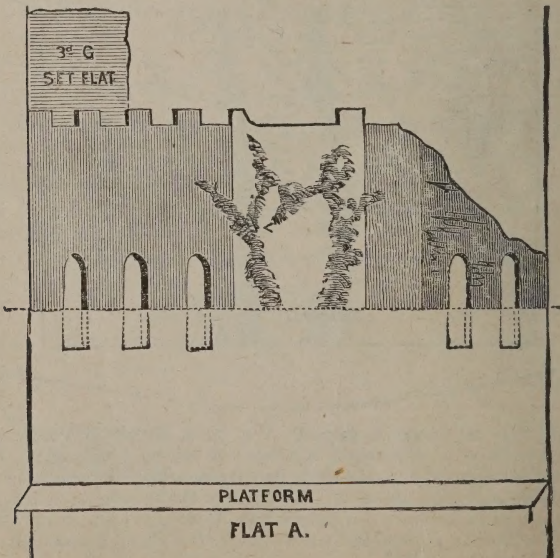
1st Groove.



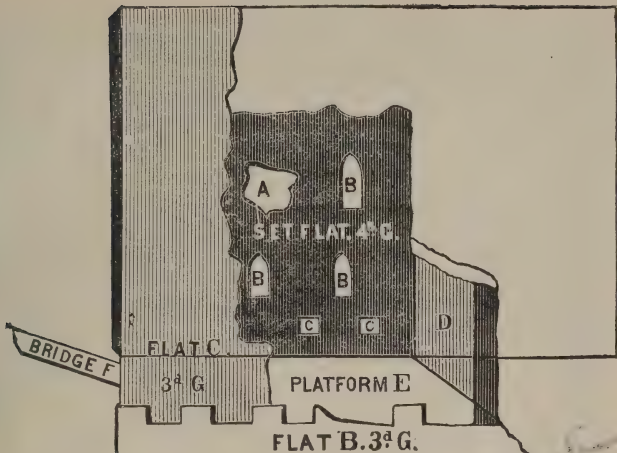
Flat (A), in 3rd grooves to descend. A, A, A, A, outlines of a mass of ivy to cover practicable steps, marked B. B.; SHAUN is discovered halfway up, therefore no steps on lower half, of flat; darken the shadows around the steps to hide them. Wall of old gray stone, mossy, etc. The top joins the platform, c. (two feet wide), which laps on the bottom of flat (B) and helps to bring it down in continuous descent. All the face to the audience is in shadow, the light being up at back. D, D, D, D, are arched windows.



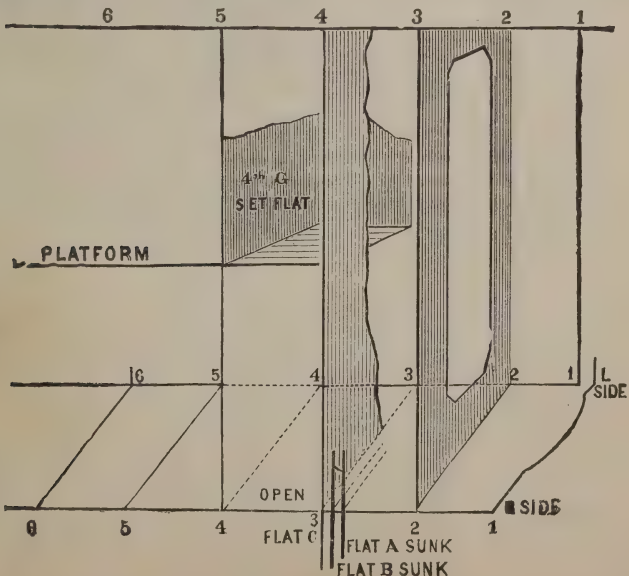
Flat B (inner cut of 3d grooves) to descend. Walls on Flat A, crenelated top edge. A, A, steps as before. B, B, B, B, B, arched windows; the two L. are very ruined, as is all that third of the flat. R. windows practicable. Ivy as before, up the centre, to hide the steps.



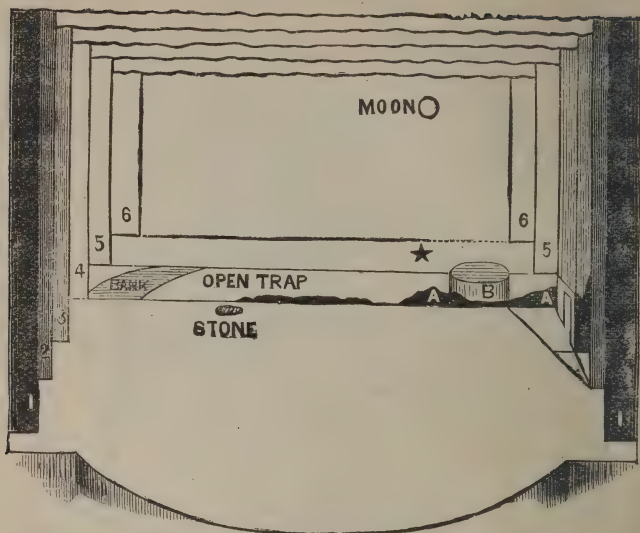
View of Flat B, when it has stopped, half sent down.



View from the front when Flat B has been sent down, to show the appearance of the set in 3d and 4th grooves, in 3d entrance, r. side and c. l. side is open. The set flat in 4th groove is a wall, ruined top and edges, with gaps (as at A), arched windows (as B, B, B), and small windows (C, C), for cannon, which are on platform E. Platform is practicable for two men's weight, and is reached by bridge (F) from r. 3^d E., off. All this set sinks. The up-stage side of 4th groove flat has steps, so that SHAUN is seen climbing along without, past the gap and windows, to exit up r. corner. Flat C on third groove masks the r. end of the set platform, etc. It is a ruined wall.



View from R. side, on stage, when Flat B has been sent down.



View of the stage from the front when all the changes after Scene III. have been made. Landscape on flat is a full moon on a broad lake. R. side a promontory runs out far into the water, with precipitious descent. This connects with the set bank in 4th E., which is practicable. The canvas of the water is brought forward at the base of the flat, to the 5th G., to enable the appearance of space to the water to be more faithfully given. L. side this canvas is transparent, as usual, for the moonbeam glittering-surfaced drum to turn under it and show the reflection through, for the play of the waves (marked *) where the line of light strikes. R. and L. 4th, 5th and 6th borders and sinks, sky; wings on those grooves, sky and water blue. R. side, 1st wing, dark masonry, sink, dark color; 2d wing stone work, ruined, sink sky; 3d wing, ruined stone work at foot, tree above, sink, sky. L. side, 1st wing, same as R. 1 wing; 2d and 3d, plain; L. 2 E., ruined wall; L. 3 E., a wall with a pract. door. Trap open, R. C., on 4th E. line; the shadow of the cliff is deepened here to hide it; line the front of trap, upper side on 5th groove, with dark blue hangings. A, A. a line of profile ruined wall, tapering from breast-high to stage level. A loose stone R. C., fallen from it. B, the top of a tower. Limelight for moonlight in L. U. E.

COSTUMES (*Irish, 1798*).

SHAUN THE POST.—Red waiscoat, corduroy breeches with tape at the knee-slit, ends loose; gray stockings, buckled shoes, black, Irish, rather low-crowned hat, pipe in the band; unbleached white linen shirt with large collar. *Act I., Scene 2d*: Drab great coat, with three capes, the skirts coming down to the ground; a whip is worn, by tying the end of the lash to the butt of the stick, like a sash, over the left shoulder, the whip behind his back; whiskers and short-curl wig, of color to suit complexion, black or red. *Scene 3rd*: No overcoat, a new blue coat, with brass buttons, his dress the same but brushed up. *Act II.*: No hat.

COLONEL O'GRADY.—Scarlet coat trimmed with gold lace, red sash, gold epaulets, white breeches, knee-high black boots, tie wig, sword and belt, and gold sword-tag. *Act I., Scene 4th*: Three-cocked hat, feathered at edge, and gold laced,

buckskin gauntlets. *Act III.*: Same, drab great coat with black cape and wide cuffs, riding-boots with spurs, dusty; hat, gauntlets and whip.

BEAMISH McCOUL.—*Act I. Scene 1st*: Tie wig, black ribbon; blue coat with wide lappels, white breeches, black hat, riding boots, a long peasant's gray coat with cape. *Act II., Scene 1st*: Same as before, blue knee-ribbons, white hat with blue ribbons, the top of his boots turned down. *Act III., Scene 1st*: Same as last, with a white great coat, spurs on.

MICHAEL FEENY.*—Make up the face very repulsive, unwashed, two days' growth of black beard, lines of face marked prominently; black close-crop wig. Suit of rusty black, battered high-crown hat, soiled white vest. Very cringing in his bearing, nervous, glancing to the side and downwards when speaking to any one.

MAJOR COFFIN.—Uniform of British officer, scarlet coat and waistcoat, gold-laced, white breeches, black riding-boots with spurs, red three-cocked hat, with gold laced, sash, sword and belt.

SECRETARY OF STATE.—Handsome court-dress, dressing-gown ready for him to put on.

SERGEANT.—Face made up weather-beaten, red nose, a carbuncle and wart here and there. Cocked-hat, edged with gold-lace, black stock; scarlet coat, faced with white, and bound with yellow, gold buttons, gold epaulets; sergeant's chevrons on right arm; white belt with gilt clasp, bearing crown and number; white waistcoat and breeches; gaiters buttoned up all the way; sword and yellow cord tassel. Very gruff in his manner, but is kind hearted really. A red pocket handkerchief for *Act III., Scene 3d*, for him.

WINTERBOTTOM (Valet).—Black suit. 2d entrance of his, half dressed, in his shirt sleeves; 3d entrance, coat on; 4th entrance, nightcap on.

OINY FARREL, REGAN, LANAGAN, PATSEY, TIM COGAN.—(made up old) and **PEASANTS**, variations of long-skirted coats, waist-coats, corduroy breeches, grey and blue stockings, black hats, sticks, etc. Red and black wigs.

CLERK (of Court-Martial).—Plain dark dress.

OFFICERS.—Like **MAJOR**.

SOLDIERS.—Like **SERGEANT**, coarser cloth coats, etc. Guns, belts for cartridge boxes, and bayonet sheaths.

BEGGARS.—Like the **PEASANTS**, only ragged, crutches, etc.

ARRAH MEELISH.—*Act I., Scene 2d*: Calico gown, short; colored petticoat, white stockings, black shoes, bare arms, neckerchief. *Act I., Scene 3d*: Red petticoat, white dress over looped-up calico skirt; white bodice, white stockings, red cloak, bright buckles to shoes, a flower in her hair; a few simple ornaments. *Act II., Scene 3d*: Blue cloak.

FANNY POWER.—*Act I.*: Dark red riding-dress, trimmed with black velvet, black hat, light blue feather, riding-gloves, whip. *Act II., Scene 2d*: Rich dress, white gloves, lace neck border, lace at wrists, jewels. *Act III., Scene 1st*: Black lace mantle.

KATTY (Jig-dancer's part).—Old woman. Fancy calico dress over red petticoat, over blue under-petticoat, white cap, blue stockings, buckled shoes. Pipe to smoke.

PEASANT GIRLS.—Like **ARRAH**.

*The original personator of this character in London (**Mr. Dominick Murray**) made it one of the foremost in the cast.

PROPERTIES (*See Scenery*).

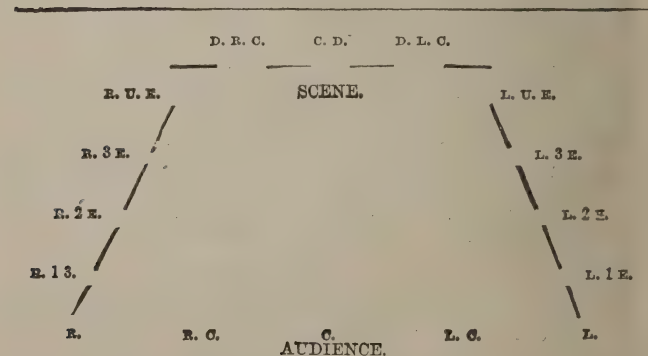
Act I., Scene 1st.—Roll of bank-bills, bag of coin (to be opened and coin to come out), folded paper for FEENY; sticks for PEASANTS; riding-whip for FANNY; guns and bayonets, a lantern to burn, for SOLDIERS. *Scene 2d:* Whip for SHAUN; tub and milking-stool; two pails; bank-bills for BEAMISH. *Scene 3d:* Letter for O'GRADY; paper for MAJOR. *Scene 4th:* Tables, benches, stools, barrel, up c., three lighted candles; red fire in fireplace; keg on the car; large kettle full of potatoes, a cloth soaked in boiling water to be put in it to make it smoke; bags for BEGGARS; pipes for KATTY and OTHERS; folded paper (of *Act I., Scene 1st*); in pocket of coat worn by BEAMISH; fiddles for FIDDLERS; pair of handcuffs. *Act II., Scene 1st:* Letter for O'INY. *Scene 2d:* Two lanterns, to burn, for FEENY and SERGEANT; bayonet on SOLDIER's gun; long chain and pair of handcuffs attached, the chain to break; paper for FANNY. *Scene 4th:* Letter for O'INY. *Scene 5th:* Writing materials on table; drum same; papers and pencils for OFFICERS; Blue bag and papers for FEENY; quill and inkstand for MAJOR. *Act III., Scene 1st:* Writing materials on table; red fire in fireplace; paper for BEAMISH; card on salver, WINTERBOTTOM's second entrance; whip for O'GRADY; note for WINTERBOTTOM's fourth entrance. *Scene 3d:* Bible for PRIEST; a strip of paper rolled round a stone, and outer end tucked in so as to be not easily unloosed. *Scene Last:* Two torches, lighted, for SOLDIERS; paper for BEAMISH and for O'GRADY.

NOTE TO LEADER OF ORCHESTER.—Overture of Irish airs in medley. Appropriate music to the action throughout. General directions are given.

TIME OF PLAYING—THREE HOURS.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L. Left.
 L. C. Left Centre.
 L. 1 E. Left First Entrance.
 L. 2 E. Left Second Entrance.
 L. 3 E. Left Third Entrance.
 L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance
 (wherever this Scene may be.)
 D. L. C. Door Left Centre.

C. Centre.
 R. Right.
 R. 1 E. Right First Entrance.
 R. 2 E. Right Second Entrance.
 R. 3 E. Right Third Entrance.
 R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance.
 D. R. C. Door Right Centre.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Ruins, Road, etc. Moonlight. Music, tremolo, piano.*

Discovering BEAMISH MCCOUL *standing, L. 2 E., on the road, looking off L.*

Enter, R. 3 E., OINY FARREL.

OINY. All right, sir; the car from Hollywood is in sight.

BEAM. How many passengers?

OINY. There's only wan, sir.

BEAM. That is our man. Hark ye, boys. (*raises his voice, lifts his hand.*)

LANTY LANIGAN, MORAN, REGAN, *run on from R. side.*

BEAM. Take your stations so that ye may give me timely warning of any alarm in the barracks yonder, or the approach of the patrol. (c.)

REGAN. More power, sir! (R.)

OINY. We'll be as cute as crows, yer honor!

ALL. Niver fear, sir!

BEAM. Away with ye! (*peasants run off R. 3 E.*)

Enter, R. 1 E., slowly, and looking around him fearfully, MICHAEL FEENY.

FEENY (*aside*). Whin a man travels wid a big lump o' money in his pockets, he is offerin' a reward for his own murder. Why am I afeard? (*looks round but does not see* BEAMISH, R. 2 E.) Sure this district is proclaimed; so divil a wan dare sit his fut outside his cabin-dure after nightfall widout a pass. (*starts to c.*) And there below is the barracks full of sogers, widin the cast of my v'ice. (*BEAMISH comes nearer him*) I'd loike to see the skulkin' ribil that w'u'd show his nose on Derry-bean. (*sees BEAMISH beside him*) Oh, Lord! (*fright.*)

BEAM. (*hiding his face, roughening his voice*). It is a foine noight, Mr. Michael Feeny.

FEENY (*stammering*). So-o it is, long li-fe to it. (*going L.*) Go-ood night, sir.

BEAM. Stop! (*FEENY stops*) You have just come from Hollywood, where you have collected the rents of the estates.

FEENY. Is it *me*? I'll be on my oath——

BEAM. Silence! (*gesture of menace*) The estates of the rebel, Beamish McCoul, were confiscated. Your employer collects the rents for the Government—now, I collect for the McCoul: so, hand out the amount!

FEENY. Is this robbery? and widin call of the barracks?

BEAM. (*sternly*). If you lift your voice over a whisper to alarm the patrol, it will be murder, as well as robbery. Not a word!

FEENY (*in a low tone*). I w'u'dn't wake a w'asel!

BEAM. Quick—the money!

FEENY. Whisht! you'll rise the sogers, and I'll be kilt! (*falls on his knees*) There's the money. (*gives bag and bills.*)

BEAM. Right. A bag of (*looks in bag*) gold and (*examines roll*) a roll of notes. (*counts bills.*)

FEENY (*rises, aside*). Oh, wait a bit, my fine fellow! you can't move very far widout a pass, and only let me safe out of this and widin half an hour I'll sit a pack of widcoats on your scint that 'ull scour these hills and hunt the loife out o' ye! (*going L.*)

BEAM. (*stops him*). Good. Now, your pass!

FEENY. Me fwhat?

BEAM. Your pass. Out with it! I want it to secure my free passage across the mountains.

FEENY (*gives paper*). But how am I to git home widout it?

BEAM. (*points L.*). There's your road. At every fifty paces, there's a man stationed behind a rock or a bush; he will see you straight to your door; and take a friendly advice, don't turn from the path nor speak a word till ye are safe in bed! Now be off!

FEENY (*greatly alarmed*). Oh tare an' ages! Captin, dear, don't ax me to go alone. Oh, murder! is it pass thim foile of divils? Are they armed, Colonel?

BEAM. Each man has two blunderbusses on full cock and a bayonet pointing straight at you!

FEENY (*bending his body as if going to drop*). I'm a corpse! two blunderblushes looking at me. Oh, capt'in darlint, don't l'ave me! And a bagginet on full cock? How will I git home at all? I've got a canal runnin' down the middle av me back. I'm as wake as a wet rag this minnit.

BEAM. Come, be off with you.

FEENY (*L.*). I'm goin', sir. Where's my legs at all? Capt'in, jewel, may I run?

BEAM. No! That would alarm the patrol and seal your fate!

FEENY. Oh, murder! don't sale my fate, sir and I'll creep—creep on me han's and knees. Pass the word, Colonel, to kape thim quiet. Oh, do, sir, give thim the office. Oh, blessed day! my insides is all fiddle-strings, and my blood is turning to butther-milk. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

BEAM. (*looks R.*). Hush!

Enter OINY, and PEASANTS.

There he goes. (*ALL look L., some laugh and point*) We need fear no alarm from him. I have turned every stone and each bush on his road into a sentinel. Ha, ha! (*pause*) Now, boys, divide this gold among ye. (*gives bag and PEASANTS take from it*) You need not hesitate to take it, for the money is my own. (*music, piano*) I leave Ireland to-morrow, and forever! I could not part with you without giving you some token of my gratitude for the fidelity and love you have shown towards me.

OINY. Ah, sir, wouldn't we pour out our blood, drop by drop, any day for the McCoul?

BEAM. I know it! For six weeks past, I have found shelter on these hills under the noses of the military, while a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the capture of the Rebel, Beamish McCoul, has not tempted your starvation to betray me.

ALL. Long life to ye, sir, less ways.

BEAM. See! The morning is beginning to tip the hills of Mullacor, we must part. In a few hours I shall be on the sea, bound for a foreign land; perhaps never again shall I hear your voices nor see my native hills. (*music, Irish, piano, speaks through music*) Oh, my own land, my own land! Bless every blade of grass upon your green cheeks! (PEASANTS take off hats) The clouds that hang over you are the sighs of your exiled children, and your face is always wet with tears! *Eirne meelish, Shlann loth!* Fare you well! And you, dear Abbey of St. Kevin's around which the bones of my forefathers are laid—

OINY. Long life to thim

ALL. The McCoul! the McCoul! (*wave their hats and flourish sticks.*)

BEAM. Easy, boys! for your own sakes. No noise, no cries, let us part in silence. (*music ceases*) God bless you all!

REGAN. Heaven keep you!

ALL (*one saying one phrase, another another, together*). Blessin's on ye! May heaven be your bed! The good angels follow and surround ye always! (BEAMISH shakes their hands. *Music of a march, piano, growing louder.*)

REGAN (*up R.*). Hold! The ridcoats are on us!

ALL (*prepare their sticks and turn R.*). Where, where?

REGAN. There! (*points R. 3 E., off*) It's the dragoons, for I hear the horse pelting up the boryeen.

BEAM. Do not be alarmed; the person who approaches, is one who loves me so much that she leaves home, fortune and friends to accompany the poor exile across the seas. So, when you remember Beamish McCoul in your prayers, don't forget to invoke a blessing, also, on the name of Fanny Power of Cabinteely. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

ALL. Long life to yees both, sir!

OINY. Now, boys, let's kape watch over the young masther while he is to the fore, and until we see him safe off.

REGAN. I will hould the hill heré below an' watch the barracks—

MORAN. Lanigan an' mesilf will watch the road to Larragh.

OINY. The rist av us will be aff to the cabin of Arrah-na-Pogue, where he finds shelter ivery noight,—and blissin's on the brave girl that does not fear to face the gallous for his sake. Oh, it's small mercy they w'd show Arrah Meelish if it was known that she gave aid and protection to the outlaw, although he is her own foster-brother.

REGAN. Bedad, if he was her own father, and mother too, she'd hang for givin' thim a "God bliss ye!" if they wor what Beamish McCoul is this'day!

OINY. Here comes the masther—hurry now! (*ALL off R.*)

Enter, L. 1 E., FANNY with BEAMISH'S arm around her.

BEAM. Dearest Fanny! (*c.*) is all prepared for our flight?

FANNY. Oh, Beamish, what will the world say of me? what will they think of me after I am gone?

BEAM. They will say that Beamish McCoul returned from his exile in France to claim the hand of the woman he loved; for the fairest woman in Wicklow had remained faithful to him during his long years of absence.

FANNY. Can he say as much? was he faithful to her during those four long years?

BEAM. Do you doubt me?

FANNY. I wish I did not! for now you are going to take me goodness knows where—and, if you grow weary of me—or fall in love with some foreign beauty, (*contemptuously*) with big eyes and a voice like silk vel-

vet, what would become of me? Oh, Beamish, last night, I took up a book to read and there I found between the leaves an old love-letter of yours I had placed as a marker there, long ago, and I thought—Ah! may be one day Beamish will leave me as I have left that letter, as a mark in the middle of a love-story, and shut me up with the tale only half read.

BEAM (*pretending carelessness*). Oh, very well! I see how it is: you have not sufficient confidence in me to trust your fate to my keeping?

FANNY (*quickly*). No, it is not that.

BEAM. You wish me to remain here till you have made up your mind? You are not sure that you love me to the extent of the sacrifice of fortune, friends—

FANNY. Oh!

BEAM. Admirers. Yes; of course, it is a great denial to relinquish the admiration, the worship of half the county.

FANNY. Oh, hear this!

BEAM. Very well! I will remain here until you love me better. I shall spend my days in the hollows of these rocks, or concealed in some tree; I shall pass my nights in some cave, cold, miserable and alone!

FANNY. Oh, Beamish. (*embraces him*) I will go anywhere, do anything!—my poor love! What a dreadful life you endure. Do you indeed sleep in a cave, or up a tree? I wonder you are not frozen to death.

BEAM. I think of you, dearest, and that image is warmth, joy and company!

FANNY. Don't, don't! I deserve all your reproaches for doubting you. Tell me what I am to do.

BEAM. To-night, at an hour before midnight, meet me at the chapel near Tullabogue. There the ceremony of marriage will be performed, and before daylight we shall be on board a French craft, now lying off Brayhead, awaiting my signal to assist in our escape.

FANNY. Well, I suppose I am in for it; but it seems very dreadful.

BEAM. Did you expect the banns would be published at St. Patrick's Cathedral, between Beamish McCoul, Rebel, and Fanny Power, spinster?

FANNY. How cruel you are to laugh at my fears.

BEAM. When I ought to kiss them away. (*embrace.*)

FANNY. Hush! what noise was that?

Enter, R. 2 E., REGAN.

REGAN. Sir, sir, the patrol is coming.

FANNY. The patrol! Fly, fly, Beamish!

BEAM. (*smiles*). Not I. Regan, away with you. I will keep these fellows in check while you escape.

REGAN. More power, sir!

[*Exit, L. 1 E.*

FANNY (L). Are you mad? (*music of march.*)

Enter, R. 2 E., FILE OF SOLDIERS and SERGEANT. One SOLDIER carries a lantern. SERGEANT drops off the line, lets them pass him till the head is at C.

SERGEANT. Halt. (*comes front*) Ho! my friend, what business have you about at this hour?

BEAM. (*laughingly*) Oh, Sergeant, have I not a beautiful excuse by my side? Look! (*FANNY dings to BEAMISH, hiding her face.*)

SERG. I don't want to see your excuse. I want to see your pass.

BEAM. Charmed to oblige you. There it is. (*holds out paper.*)

FANNY (*aside*). I am dying of fright.

BEAM. (*to her*). Hold your tongue.

SERG. (*examines pass by light of lantern*). Quite correct, sir. (*returns paper*) Sorry to be obliged to make these inquiries.

BEAM. I admire your precaution. Will you allow your men to drink this crown piece to my health. (*gives coin*.)

SERG. Sir, we are greatly obliged to you.

BEAM. I see you are going towards Larragh. Would you mind seeing me safe on my road? (*FANNY looks terrified at him. He smiles*) I am afraid these mountains are not at all secure for persons like me, travelling with a large sum of money.

SERG. You will be quite safe with us. This way.

BEAM. (*aside to him*). And, Sergeant, if ever you meet me again, not a word of this little affair. You understand?

SERG. (*lays his right fore-finger along his nose*). All right, sir. Mum's the word (*to SOLDIERS, after BEAMISH and FANNY have taken their place with six SOLDIERS before them, and six after them*) Forward, march! (*music, march.*) [ALL off L. 1 E.]

Scene changes to

SCENE II.—*Cottage and Landscape, in 2d grooves. Music, Irish lilt. Gas up.*

Enter, R., SHAUN.

SHAUN. This is my wedding mornin'; sure my bre'st is so big wid my heart this minnit that I feel like a fowl wid her first egg. Begorra! an' this same love brings a man out in a foine perspiration, long life to it. And there's Arrah's cabin, (*wave of left hand towards cottage*) the ister-shell that's got the pearl of my heart in it. I wonder is she awake. (*looks at D. in F.*) Arrah, *suilis!* Arrah, *mo m'illia stoorten!* If ye are slapin', don't answer me; but, if you are up, opin the dure softly. (*sing at keyhole.*)

Open the dure softly,

Somebody wants ye, dear;

Give me a chink no wider than

Ye'll fill up wid yer ear;

Or, if ye're hard o' hearin', dear,

Yer mouth will do as well;

Jist put yer lips agin the crack,

An' hear what I've to till!

(*repeat*). Open the door, etc. (*goes L.*)

ARRAH appears at window in F.

ARRAH (*looks R.*). Hurroosh! hoo! that porkawn has got loose agin, the moraunder!

SHAUN (*aside*). Is it the pig she takes me for?

ARRAH (*aside*). It's that thafe of the wurld, Shaun! (*aloud*) Or, is it the ould cow that's bruk her sugaun. (*calls*) Coop, coop, coop!

SHAUN (*aside*). Another baste! Have I been singin' to the ould mare till I've got a quadruped voice?

ARRAH (*aside*). Where is he hidin'? I'll take a peep (*SHAUN throws his arms around her and covers her head with his cape*) Oh, murder, what's that?

SHAUN. It's the pig that's got loose.

ARRAH. Let me go, Shaun! d'ye hear me, sir, let me go!

SHAUN. First I'll give ye the coward's blow. Come here, ye vagabone, till I hit ye under the nose wid me mouth!

ARRAH. I'll strike ye back, ye villin! (SHAUN *kisses her and releases her*) Isn't this purty treatment for a lone woman?

SHAUN. Ye'll git no better, now I warn ye! so don't go marryin' me this blissid day with 'shtravagan' expectations; ye'll have to live from hand to mouth, and whin ye're out of timper, I'll sit moy face agin ye—moind thot!

ARRAH *enters, D. in F., with pails.*

ARRAH. Ye're moighty airy, Shaun; didn't ye say that ye had to drive Michael Feeny over from Hollywood last night?

SHAUN. Sure enough; but he got down at Glendalough to walk across the hill.*

ARRAH (*slyly*). What brings ye here at all? Did ye think anybody was wantin' ye?

SHAUN. 'Iss, indeed, ses I. There's that *colleen dhas* all alone wid the cow to milk and the pigs to feed and the chickens; and the big barn beyant to git clane an' swate by the avenin' for the widdin', to-night, and n t a haporth of help she'll take from mortal. I'll go an' give her a lift.

ARRAH. Is it afther bein' up all night on the road betune Hollywood and Rathdrum?—sure ye haven't had innu rist at all?

SHAUN. Rist, darlint? what would I want wid rist for the nixt six months to come? Wid the love in my heart that makes ivery minnit a fortune, sure, rist is only a waste of toime, an' to shut my eyes on the soight av your face before me, is sinful ixtravagince, me darlint.

ARRAH. Won't ye rist some times, innu way?

SHAUN. I'll luk at you slapin', jewil, an' that will do as well!

ARRAH. Go an, now, ye cometherin' schamer! Is it robbin' the bay-hives or atin' the honey-clover ye have been, for you've the smell of it on your tongue? Go an, I till ye. Drive the cow up from the field below, and may be when you are back, I ll have a hot whatemale cake on the griddle to stop your mouth wid. (*gives him the milk-pails.*)

SHAUN. Ah! there's a griddle in the middle av your face, Arrah, that has a cake on it always warm and riddy to stop a boy's mouth!

ARRAH. D'ye want me to bate ye, ye provoker. (*playfully pushes him off R. Then, looking after him tenderly*) Oh, Shaun! *cushla agus machree!* my heart goes wid ye and kapes stip beside ye foriver and iver! (*introduce a song, or* ARRAH'S "Oh, I love him dearly.")

Enter, L., BEAMISH.

BEAM.† Has he gone?

ARRAH. Oh, Master Beamish, it goes sore agin' me to be decavin' the poor b'y this way. Isn't it betther to lit him know that it's yersilf that's in it?

BEAM. My dear Arrah! (*arm around her waist*) if I were discovered in your cabin, you know the penaltv you would pay for the shelter and protection you have offered the rebel.

ARRAH. Ah, sir, but sure Shaun would lay down his life for you.

BEAM. Is it not enough that *you* should live with the halter round your neck, without including Shaun's foolish head in the same rope?

* SHAUN, B. C.

ARRAH, C.

† ARRACH, C.

BEAMISH, L. C.

ARRAH. And would they hang him for only knowing that you were to the fore?

BEAM. Aye, would they! both you and him together!—and, although this day is your wedding-day, that's not the sort of *noose* ye expect to get into.

ARRAH. Bedad, it is not.

BEAM. Then, don't deceive yourself. While I remain here, you and I are standing under the same gibbet.

ARRAH. I'm proud to stand innyswhere beside yersilf, Masther Beamish; and sure isn't the cabin there yer own, innysway? 'Twas your gift to my mother that nursed yon. You were fostered under that ould thatch there; an' if they tack an' hung me to the dure-post beyant, sure my life w'd be the only rint we iver paid the McCoul for all the blissin's we owe the ould family.

BEAM. Hold out your hands. (*puts some bank bills in her hand*) There.

ARRAH. What's this?

BEAM. It is my wedding gift; the marriage-portion you will bestow on Shaun this day.

ARRAH. Bank-notes! But oh, sir, why w'd I take this from yourself and you so poor?

BEAM. That is precisely the reason you cannot refuse it. Sure if I were rich, there would be less pleasure to me in giving it you, goose!

ARRAH. But how will I tell Shaun that I came by so much money?

BEAM. In three days, I shall be in France; till then, answer no questions. Then you may tell him all.

ARRAH. Well, I promise, but he'll never forgive me. It'll be a sore place with him agin' me!

BEAM. (*smiles*). I'll engage you'll find a way of drawing out the pain.

ARRAH. Faith, I've a notion I will.

BEAM. Now I must return till dark to my nook in the barn, where I roost under the thatch, where my only companion is the cat. (*goes up.*)

ARRAH (*follows him up*). Ah, sir, why have I not as many lives as they say she has? I'd give the whole nine av thim for your sake.

BEAM. I know it. (*presses her hand.*) [*Exit, D. in F.*]

ARRAH. He is going away to the wild wars, wid death and danger by the wayside. Shall I iver see him ag'in afther this noight? Oh, my brother! (*hands clasped in prayer*) may the swate angels of heaven put out the fir av the guns and turn away the bagonets fornist ye!

Enter, L., FEENY.

FEENY. Where's Shaun?

ARRAH (*scornfully*). How would I know. (*c. up.*)

FEENY (*L. front*). Aisy now, Arrah! As I came on the top av the hill beyant, sure I saw ye both on this spot colloquin' together.

ARRAH. Did ye? I hope the sight was plasin' to ye, sir!

FEENY. And as I turned the corner there, I saw the tail av his coat as he wint intil the cabin.

ARRAH (*aside in fright*). 'Twas master Beamish.

FEENY. Ah, Arrah! its the bad luck that is on me intirely this day. There's yersilf that I love wid all my heart—

ARRAH (*contemptuously*). That's not saying much. (*looks off R.*)

FEENY. And this blissid day I'm goin' to be robbed of you!

ARRAH. Whisht! he'll hear you!

FEENY. Shaun, is it! (*boldly*) Do ye think I'm ashamed of my love for you?

ARRAH. No! (*pause, then very emphatically*) but I am! I wouldn't like him to think so manely of me as to feel that *you* love me!

FEENY. Well, I'm a poor thing intirely. Bedad, one w'd think that I was a disorder that was catching; but may be ye'll repent the hour ye made so little of me, for I can wait, me darlint, I can wait! and to thim that waits, their time comes round, and whin *mine* comes, I'll make you feel, (*through his set teeth*) a little of what I feel now!

ARRAH. If Shaun heard thim words, he'd have to answer for your life.

FEENY. Let him answer first for my money! (*ARRAH smiles carelessly*) This mornin' on Derrybawn, not foive minnits aft'r I lift his car I was waylaid, and robbed by—twinty bla'guards that lay riddy for me. Who but Shaun knew that I had the rints of Hollywood in my pocket? who but he knew the hour and place where I could be caught?

ARRAH. Robbed, and by Shaun? What could he want wid your dirty money?

FEENY. He'd want it for you!

ARRAH. Be all that's mane, I belave the crature thinks that swate-hearts pay one another, and you can buy a hap'orth of love at the huckster's shop. Look here, man. (*produces bank bills*) D'ye see that! It isn't money we want.

FEENY (*surprised*). Oh, fwhat's that?

ARRAH. Look! (*turns notes over*) Tin, an' foive, an' tin agin', an' three, an' foive wanst more. Look! that's right. I know the soight warms yer heart.

FEENY (*aside*). Can I belave my eyes?

ARRAH. I thought I'd astonish yer!

FEENY (*amazed, aside*). They are the same that a few hours ago I was robbed of, on Derrybawn. (*aloud, insinuatingly*) Would ye lit me luk ag'in?

ARRAH. Oh, look an' feel. Don't ye long that they were yours.

FEENY (*aside*). Yes, here's my own name on the back.

ARRAH (*puts up bills*). Now, ye see we don't want yer money, nor yer company aither. There's yer road; it's waitin' for you. Good mornin'!

[*Exit, D. in F.*]

FEENY. Shaun is one of the gang that robbed me—divil a doubt of it! I'll swear to thim notes; and there he is, inside, this minnit. Stop! I'll take a peep, (*goes up to D. in F.*) that I may make oath I saw himsilf. Oh, tare alive! but this is too good to be true. I don't deserve it! (*at key hole.*)

SHAUN enters, R.

SHAUN (*aside*). Well, bad luck to her for a cow. Ah, ye are the only female av yer sex that I niver c'u'd make any hand of at all.

FEENY. Divil a thing I see but the dark!

SHAUN (*aside*). What's that? (*sees FEENY.*)

FEENY. Yes; there he is. (*SHAUN goes up*) Now I see him.

SHAUN (*seizes him and flings him down L. side*). Do ye? Well, and d'ye feel him, ye spyin' vagabone!

FEENY (*amazed*). What's this? Shaun! I thought—I mane I—Ain't ye inside the cabin?

SHAUN. No! I don't find it convaynient to be in two places at once't.

FEENY. An' it wasn't you that was here—and it is somebody else that—whew! What's this at all? (*aside*) Oh, tare an' ages I smell a rat.

SHAUN. Now, Mr Feeny, listen hither, an' take a friendly warnin'. This day will make me masther av that cabin an' all that's in it; and if

I find yer rose in my key-hole, be the tongs of the devil I'll lave ye nothin' to blow for the rist of yer dirty life!

*Enter, D. in F., ARRAH.**

ARRAH. Shaun. (*agitated.*)

FEENY (*aside.*) She is bothered.

ARRAH. What is the matther?

FEENY. It's only a mistake. I thought Shaun was inside there wid yerself—didn't ye till me he was?

ARRAH. No, I didn't.

FEENY (*aside.*) She's trimbling. (*aloud*) I was thinking you said 'twas he give ye all the money ye showed me.

SHAUN. What money is he talking about?

ARRAH (*to SHAUN.*) Ah, niver mind him. (*talks to SHAUN.*)

FEENY (*aside.*) She's frightened. There's a man hidin' widin there that Shaun knows nothin' about. 'Twas he and not Shaun that give her the money—'twas he that robbed me. Oh, Arrah Meelish, I have ye now! You despise me, do ye? Well, I'll bring you down to my feet, low as I am. I'll show you to all the neighbors, wid yer fine lover hidin' in yer cabin, and we'll see what ye like best roun' yer purty neck—my arms or the felon's rope, my jewel! (*rubs his hands.*)

SHAUN. Whin you an' the devil have done colloqu'in' together, I'd like to see the full front of yer back.

FEENY. The top of the mornin' to yees both!

[*Exit L., laughing to himself.*]

SHAUN. May swate bad luck go wid ye, an' that's my blissin' on you!

ARRAH. Ah, niver mind him, dear! it's true what he said about the money, and here (*produces bills*) it is, Shaun. It is a pris'nt I got on my weddin'-day.

SHAUN. What's this? Oh, Biddy Mulligan! Bank-notes! and have ye found a crock of gould full of bank-notes, or did you catch a leprechaun and squaze this out of him betune your finger an' thumb?

ARRAH (*smiling*). Ye's, indade, it was one of the good papple that give it to me, an' he told me not to till you a word about it for three days—thim's the conditions I recaved wid it.

SHAUN. Well, that's an aisy way of r'isin' money. Three days? (*ARRAH nods, smiling*) Can ye git innny more of it on the same conditions? Make it so, my dear, and divil a word I'll ax, but open my mouth an' shut my eyes and lit it roul down widout a wink. Powdhers of war! Arrah, what am I marryin' at all? Beauty and wealth. No liss! It's my belafe ye are a fairy, born and brid. Your mother was swate Vanus herself, and your father was the Bank of Ireland.

[*Exit after ARRAH, D. in F.*]

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Armory in O'GRADY'S House, in 3d grooves. Gas down.*

Enter, L., FANNY POWER.

FANNY. I have managed to regain my room without discovery. Well, this is nice behavior for a young lady. The inmate of a respectable house to be scampering over the country by moonlight. I wonder I am

* SHAUN.
B. C.

ARRAH.
C.

FEENY.
L.

not ashamed of myself. And this is my wedding-day! I must spend it in deceit and fear; not daring to look in the face of those that love and trust me. After dark, dressed in an old cloak, I must creep away like a thief to be married by rushlight in an old ruin; then I'll be hurried on board a dirty smuggler among fifty strange men, who will know all I've been at. That is a nice programme!

Enter, R., O'GRADY, letter in hand.

O'GRADY. Congratulate me, my dear Fanny. This is the happiest day of my life.

FANNY. Then *you* are not going to be married?

O'GRADY. You must let me hope that I am. D'ye remember, about six months ago—I mean the last time you refused me——

FANNY. Haven't I refused you since then? Well?

O'GRADY. You said to me, "O'Grady, never pronounce the word 'love' to me until you bring me the royal pardon of Beamish McCoul."

FANNY. And did not my anxiety awake any jealous feelings in your breast?

O'GRADY. Not in the least. Sure I knew that your interest sprang from the romantic sympathy of your little seditious heart for the rebel and not from any love for a man you never saw. (*FANNY smiles to herself*) So I set to work, and mighty hard work it was!

FANNY (*eagerly*). Do you mean to tell me that you have succeeded? Oh, dear Bogenal, are there hopes? (*lays her hands on his arm.*)

O'GRADY. Fanny! if you talk and look at me like that, I'll ring for help!

FANNY. Speak, you dearest of injured mortals!

O'GRADY. I have accomplished the task you have imposed upon me, and you are free to reward me. Don't be overcome. Fanny, I am yours!

FANNY. I am bewildered with joy.

O'GRADY. Here is the letter from the Secretary of State. (*reads letter*) "My dear Colonel: In consideration of your eminent services——"

FANNY (*impatiently*). Oh, never mind that! to the point, to the point!

O'GRADY (*pompously*). That *is* the point!

FANNY (*takes letter, reads indistinctly*). Um—um—um! Ah! "The matter was brought before the council." So. "A free pardon is granted to young McCoul, (*joyfully*) provided he is not implicated in the fresh disturbances (*voice changes to disappointed tone*) which once more threaten to agitate your neighborhood."

O'GRADY. Fortunately, Beamish is in France; so that provision cannot apply to him. There's the pardon—the life of your hero. What's to be the next step?

FANNY (*sighs*). Ah! Throw it into the fire!

O'GRADY. Upon my conscience, Fanny, I believe you are not a woman at all, but a book of Euclid; for there's no understanding you!

FANNY. Is there not? Well, to-night you will understand me, and then you will know upon what a deceitful, unworthy baggage you have thrown away your generous heart.

O'GRADY. By the love that's in me, what makes you so perfect in my eyes, are your faults; and it's the weak points of your character that are the most irresistible. (*music, cheers, singing off L.*) What is that agreeable uproar?

PATSEY enters, L.

PATSEY. Plase yer honor, it's the weddin'-party from Larragh—Shaun

the Post, and Arrah Meelish, wid all their follerin', are on their way to the chapel, sir.

O'GRADY. Show them in, Patsey. (*exit PATSEY, L.*) I suppose the young couple want my license to keep open house to-night to regale their friends. (*c.*)

FANNY (*R. C.*). Are they followers of the O'Grady?

O'GRADY. No, they belong to the sept of the McCouls.

FANNY (*nods*). Ah, thank you.

*Enter SHAUN, ARRAH, PEASANTS, L., remaining there.**

ALL. Long life to you, sir!

ARRAH. It is the smile of fortune we bring your honor. May the grass never grow on your door step, nor fail on your hills. May your hearthstone be always as warm as your heart; and whin ye die, may the wail of the poor be the only sorrow of yer life.

O'GRADY. Now Shaun, what's the good word from you?

SHAUN. Well, your honor, seein' the swate lady that's by yer side, I can think of nothin' ilse but—More power to ye, and long life to enjoy it.

ALL. Hurroo!

O'GRADY. Thank ye, Shaun; and may this day which will change the name of your bride, never change the heart of Arrah-na-Pogue.

FANNY. Arrah-na-Pogue? That means Arragh of the Kiss.

O'GRADY. Don't you know why she is called so? Tell her, Arrah.

ARRAH (*plays with her dress, confused*). Shure I do be ashamed, sir.

SHAUN. Ah, what for? It's proud I am of the kiss ye gave, though it wasn't mesilf that got the profit av it.

FANNY. Indeed; and who was the favored one?

SHAUN. Beamish McCoul, miss; (*FANNY looks interested*) her come-datha—I mane, her fosther-brother, that is. It was four years ago. He was lyin' in Wicklow jail, the day before he was to be hung, wid the rest of us, in regard of the risin'.

FANNY. He escaped from prison the day before his execution.

SHAUN. True for ye, miss. The b'ys had planned the manes av it, but c'u'dn't schame inny way to give him the office, because no one was lit in to see the masther, barrin' they was sarched, an' thin they could on'y see his face at a pape-hole in the dure of his cell. (*O'GRADY, R.*)

FANNY (*c.*). Did Arrah succeed in conveyin' to him the necessary intelligence.

SHAUN. She did. Bein' only a dawry little cr'ature that time, they didn't suspect the cunnin' that was in her; (*nudges ARRAH, who playfully hangs her head in confusion*) so she give him the paper in spite av thim, an' before their faces.

FANNY. How so? You say they searched her. Did they not find it?

SHAUN. No. She had rowled it up and put it in her mouth, an' whin she saw her fosther-brother, she give it to him in a kiss.

ARRAH. And that's why they call me Arrah-na-Pogue. (*curtseys.*)

FANNY (*goes R.*). No one but a woman would have thought of such a post-office!

ARRAH. It's a poor thing I did for him that's done so much for Shaun an' me. We owe to him ivery fut of land that gives us bread, an' the roof that covers us. There isn't a hap'orth we have but belongs to him.

* FANNY.

O'GRADY.

ARRAH.

PEASANTS.

R. C.

C.

SHAUN.
L. C.

L.

FANNY (*aside*). How her face flushes and her eyes fill as she speaks of him.

O'GRADY. Well, Shaun, I suppose you want a magistrate's permission to keep open house to-night? (SHAUN *bobs his head*) You shall have it. Patsey—

PATSEY (*comes forward*). Yis, sir!

O'GRADY. Put a keg or two of liquor on the car; if I can't attend in person at your feast, I will be there in spirit, anyway.

ALL. Long life to ye, sir. The O'Grady forever!

[*Exeunt, L., crying "Hurroo!"*]

O'GRADY. Here's another woman infatuated with the McCoul. It is wonderful.

FANNY (*aside*). I'm uneasy about myself. I thought I was his only care. I hope he is not an epidemic.

Enter, L., PATSEY.

PATSEY. Major Coffin!

O'GRADY. I am delighted to see him.

PATSEY *exits, L., instantly re-entering to usher in MAJOR COFFIN.* Then exit PATSEY, L.*

O'GRADY. No bad news from the dirturbed districts I hope, Major?

MAJOR (*salutes FANNY*). Miss Power, I am yours. (*to O'GRADY*) Colonel, my news is excellent. The French emissary, whose presence in this neighborhood we have for six weeks suspected, but who has eluded our efforts to trace—

O'GRADY. Because no such person is to be found.

FANNY (*aside*). 'Tis Beamish!

O'GRADY. Well, Major, is there any news of your wild goose?

MAJOR. The most precise. We have discovered his nest. A thousand pardons, Miss Power, for entering on such a matter in your presence.

FANNY. Not at all. I beg you to proceed. I—I am more deeply interested in your success than you can imagine. You have not—caught the—the rebel?

MAJOR. Had we done so, I beg to assure you, the first tree would have settled his business, without occupying your attention with such a vagabond. (*to O'GRADY*) Do you know the collecting clerk of the government agent, one Mr. Michael Feeny?

O'GRADY. I do, well: he's the biggest thief in the county Wicklow, and that's the best I know of him.

MAJOR (*calls off L.*). Step this way, Mr. Feeny.

Enter FEENY, L, staying there.†

O'GRADY (*to L. of MAJOR*).‡ Oh, Mr. Feeny, I think we are acquainted; when last we met I introduced myself.

FEENY (*faltering*). Yis, Colonel; I think I—that is, you—

O'GRADY. I kicked you from the hall-door to the lodge-gate for serving a process on a guest of mine. (FANNY and MAJOR converse, R.)

* FANNY.

R.

O'GRADY.

C.

MAJOR.

L.

† FANNY.

R.

O'GRADY.

C.

MAJOR.

L. C.

FEENY.

L.

‡ FANNY.

R.

MAJOR.

O'GRADY.

L. C.

FEENY.

L.

FEENY. I am afraid, Colonel, that I left an unfavorable imprission on you.

O'GRADY. I am sure, sir, that I left a number of unfavorable impressions on you. (*to MAJOR*) What does this fellow want?

MAJOR. He alleges that last night he was robbed by fifty armed men on Derrybawn Hill. His description of the leader tallies with that of the man with whom we are in search. By accident he has traced part of the plunder and discovered at the same time the rebel's nest.

O'GRADY. Poor devil! Well, I suppose you want me to hear this fellow's depositions. If you will step into the justice-room. I am sure Miss Power will excuse us. This way, Major.

MAJOR *exits*, D. in F. FEENY *is about to follow when* O'GRADY *takes him by the neck and flings him down* L. *Exit*, O'GRADY. FEENY *makes a very low bow to* FANNY, *who turns her back on him.* *Exit* FEENY, D. in F.

FANNY. It is Beamish they seek! He was on Derrybawn last night, and that wretch has tracked him and marked him down, 'in some cave or up a tree,' where he lies now, little expecting the fate that awaits him. (*goes up*) Can I hear what they say? (*listens at D. in F.*) Yes. Hush! he speaks! he recognized the notes to be the same of which he was robbed! Eh, what does he say? In the possession of—of Arrah Meelish? Arrah, the girl that was here just now. Hush. The rebel chief is her lover, and he is concealed in her cabin at Larragh! Oh, what have I heard? Beamish there? No, it is not possible. Yet, how the girl's face beamed (*comes down to R. front*) when she spoke of him. Ah! they return.

Enter, D. in F., MAJOR, O'GRADY and FEENY.*

MAJOR (*speaking as he enters*). I propose to make a descent on this girl's cabin to-night.

O'GRADY. To-night? and this her wedding-day, poor thing. Couldn't you put it off till to-morrow?

MAJOR. And risk the escape of our man?

FEENY. Oh, devil a fear of that, your honor; the cabin is well guarded by him that won't lit a mouse shtir out av it widout givin' the alarm. We've got him safe enough.

FANNY (*aside*). How then can I warn him of his danger?

O'GRADY. Major, speaking from experience, I believe that fellow is lying. The truth would be ashamed to be seen coming out of him! I know the girl he has denounced, and I'll pledge my honor for hers.

FANNY. And I'll pledge mine for the man! No! I mean, I don't think it possible any woman could be so base.

O'GRADY. What do you know about it?

FANNY. I am only saying what you say, and you are not going to turn round now and say otherwise because I say so too.

MAJOR. Then, this innocent investigation can only confirm your good opinion, in which I am resolved to share.

O'GRADY. Then I will go with you.

FANNY. So will I!

O'GRADY. You, Fanny!

FANNY. Yes. I cannot restrain the interest I feel in this investigation.

* FANNY.
R. C.

O'GRADY.
C.

MAJOR.

FEENY.
L.

I will not believe that a man could be so base as to maintain a love-affair up to his very wedding-day; and with such a secret in his breast, abuse the honest heart of one who loves him.

O'GRADY. But it isn't a man; it is a woman.

FANNY (*impatiently*). Well, it is all the same thing. Don't annoy me with your fine distinctions. Come, Major, let me hear the particulars from yourself; for the O'Grady gets so confused when he attempts to explain anything that my understanding becomes as muddled as his own.

[*Laughingly exits R., on MAJOR'S arm.*]

O'GRADY. Tender-hearted angel! see how she stands up for one of her own sex in trouble!

FEENY (*humbly*). I hope, Colonel dear, you will disremember the little matter betune us, sir; and not bould it ag'in' me; I'm on'y a tool, sir, in my imployer's hands, and sixteen shillings a week is ail I git for the dirty work!

O'GRADY. Then you get more kicks than ha'pence. Stand outside the gate, my man, and don't let the dogs smell ye. [*Exit, R.*]

FEENY. Aha! Oh, Arrah-na-Pogue, I tould ye that I'd bring down that purty nose of your own that ye turned up at me, whin I axed ye to say the worrd. It's a grand wididin' ye'll have, my lady; but it is in Wicklow jail ye'll pass the noight! I tould ye my toime w'u'd come, an that I w'u'd bring ye to my fut—and whin ye roise from that, it shall be into my arms, my darlint! [*Exit L., triumphant, y.*]

Scene changes to

SCENE IV.—*Barn interior, in 6th grooves. Gas up in upper entrances. Music, piano, violins, tremolo.*

BEAMISH (*comes down stairs, R.*). This place is watched. (*up c.*) Has my retreat beendiscovered? (*looks cautiously out of door*) When the wedding-party returns I can mix unnoticed with the crowd and escape in the dark. (*music, "Paddy's Wedding," gradually approaching. Cheers off L. U. E.*) Here they come! (*goes up stairs.*)

Enter, L. U. E., cheering, limping BEGGARS, dancing CHILDREN, a BAGPIPER and FIDDLERS playing, PEASANTS and GIRLS, BRIDESMAIDS and GROOMSMEN, a cart with ARRAH, SHAUN and the PRIEST, then PEASANTS. Cart stops abreast of D. in 4 G. flat. SHAUN helps ARRAH off cart. Cart is driven off R. U. E. PRIEST comes down L. SHAUN and the others come into barn.

SHAUN. A kind wilcome to ivery mother's son av yees, an' a warmer one ag'in' to ivery petticut! Bad luck to the first that laves the house, barrin' he doesn't know any better.

ALL. Hurtoo!

SHAUN. There's lashin's of mate inside an' good liquor galore, an' him that spares what's there I look upon as my inemy. (*stands up on the keg taken off the cart and brought down L. C., jumps off, and they roll the keg off L. 1 E. Lively music, ARRAH and the PRIEST go off L. 1 E., gradually followed by the others.*)

SHAUN (*as they exeunt*). Pat Ryan, lave that girrl alone till the grace is said. In wid ye, ye're as wilcome as the flowers in May. Norah Kavanagh, don't be provokin' the b'y before he is able for ye! Ah, Tim Conolly, is it colloquin' wid two girrls at a toime ye are? I'm a-lookin' at ye. Walk in, my darlints, and cead mille failthe!

[*Exit, driving the last before him, L. BEAMISH comes down stairs.*]

Enter L. 1 E., ARRAH, goes up c. on tiptoe

ARRAH (*in a whisper*). Are you gone, sir?

BEAM. No. From my trap-door in the roof above, I can see men on the road below, who seem to be watching this place.

ARRAH (*in alarm*). Oh!

BEAM. Surely they cannot suspect my retreat here. Who could have betrayed me?

ARRAH. From the roof of the barn, ye can rache a tree, an' by its branches, climb to the rock above.

BEAM. I won't try that except as a last expedient. Oh, Arrah, if I were caught here what would become of you? (*leaning over railing of platform.*)

ARRAH. Never mind me; save yourself.

BEAM. Come what may, I must be at Tullabogue in two hours from this time. (*cheers, etc., off L. 1 E.*) But don't let me detain you from the feast. Good-by, Arrah, we may not see each other again; so Heaven bless and preserve you! Good-by, dear Arrah, good-by!

ARRAH. Good-by, sir! (*BEAMISH goes up to the uppermost platform*) He is gone; and while they are hunting the life out of him, I am dancin' an' marryin' an' laughin', wid no more falin' in me than if I wor' a wed sod of turf, that hasn't a hap'orth of warmth in its heart, although ye stick it in the middle of the foire. (*R. c.*)

SHAUN enters, L. 1 E.

SHAUN. Where are ye at all? Oh, is it all alone we are, for a blissid minnit itsilf; and I have ye all to mesilf, me darlint, me own that ye are now. Oh, murder! whin I luk at you, so clane and nate and purty, it's fit ye are for a bit of chaney on the chimbley-pace of the quility in the drawin'-room, not for my dirthy cabin. And how did ye come to love a poor, ignorant cr'ature like me at all at all?

ARRAH (*smiling*). Poor and ignorant? (*SHAUN nods*) How dar' ye be callin' my husband names!

SHAUN. 'Iss, poor I am; I niver knew it until I saw you inside my dure. Ignorant I am; I niver felt it till I thried to till ye what was in my heart, and found I hadn't l'arnin' to do it innnyway. No! I can't make it out at all, onliss ye are a fairy that has stooped to make fun av a poor boy! I'm expictin' ivery minnit to see yer wings break out behind upon ye; and may be ye'll rise up like a buttherfly an' be off to the skies above (*hands lifted*) where ye belong.

ARRAH (*tearfully*). Ah! Shaun, me darlint, don't spake to me that way—don't make so much av me!

SHAUN. Oh, my treasure! (*arm around her*) Och, mo storeen bheg! If there wor a di'mun' as big as yersilf, it w'u'd be a poor thing beside you, me darlint! But what's the matter, dear? Is it cryin' ye are? Oh, is it innnything I've said (*bad luck to me!*) that's made ye cry, my darlint!

ARRAH. No, no! don't ax me!

SHAUN. I won't, dear—av coorse—why w'u'd I? Ye see, I'm not used to the saft an' tinder ways of woman, an' if I'm rough or wrong innnyway, won't ye till me till I'd larn how to behave for—oh, acushla! I do be afraid to go near some girrls for fear of spoilin' their new an' beautiful clothes; but I'm afraid of touchin' you for fear of spoilin' the bloom on your fresh and beautiful sow!

*All the PEASANTS gradually steal in, L. 1 E., and go up so as to get behind
SHAUN and ARRAH, at C.*

ARRAH. Oh, Shaun! when I listen to you talkin' to me that way, you make me feel ashamed of meself beside ye. (SHAUN kisses her.)

ALL (shout). Oh, we caught ye! Ha, ha, ha!

SHAUN (recovers from surprise). Is a good example to be thrown away among yees? B'ys, whin the bride gets her first kiss, sure it's a kiss all around.

*Scuffle of the GIRLS and PEASANTS. KATTY takes up the fire-stick against
TIM COGAN. Laughter, etc.*

OINY. More power, ye sowls! here's ould Tim Cogan of Ballymore, says he'll take the flure agin' any famale av his age an' six in the county.

SHAUN. Whoo! d'ye hear that? For the honor of the County Wicklow, isn't there a pair of brogues under a petticoat, that will stand up agin' the County Kildare? (goes among the GIRLS, talking to them.)

KATTY (seated L. on stool, smoking pipe, rises)*. Come out of that, Tim Cogan, till I take the consait out of yees.

ALL. Hurroo for Katty! Katty Walsh ahoo!

SHAUN. Aisy now, ye rapparees. Katty, darlint, lit me lade ye out. (exaggerated ceremony to lead KATTY to L. C., while one of the doors is brought down to L. C., front) It's yerself that'll stretch Tim Cogan like a dead fowl this blissid avenin', if you'll put it to him strong before he gits his sic-ond wind. What shall be the tune of it, avourneen?

KATTY. Father Jack Welsh agin' the warrld.

BEGGARS fill their bags with potatoes from the kettle, etc., thank ARRAH and go off by door.

SHAUN. That's the daisy, an' its yerself that will lather Tim Cogan, I'll go bail. Will ye take a sup first, or will ye dance dry? (KATTY nods) There's a one-pound note among the fiddlers, if the lady is plazed wid the time of it.

ALL. Hurroo!

SHAUN. Now ye scrapin' thaves, pull out the plug and run it strong. (during the jig) Whoo! that's illigant! welt the flure, Katty.

Jig on the door, laid flat, TIM gradually gets weaker, while KATTY, beginning very steadily, puts more and more vigor in her steps.

OINY. Hould up to her, Tim!

SHAUN. Cover the buckle fair, ye ould schamer!

REGAN. Kildare for a tin pinny! (LANAGAN takes his bet. Business and a row nearly worked up, between the MEN, till the GIRLS draw away their partners.)

SHAUN. Oh, don't decave yersilves; Katty is only jokin'. Wait till she offers her fut to him. Whoo! that's the stoke! (COGAN staggers) Stick to him, my jewil, he's goin', (COGAN nearly falls) he's goin', (COGAN nearly falls) he's goin'! (COGAN stumbles and falls. KATTY dances around him.)

| | | | | | |
|------------|-------|-----------|--------|--------|--------|
| *PEASANTS. | OINY. | PEASANTS. | SHAUN. | KATTY. | ARRAH. |
| R. | | COGAN. | | | |
| | R. C. | | L. C. | | L. |

KATTY. Whoo! (*takes her pipe, and dances very lively. SHAUN leads her to seat L., and offers her a pitcher of drink.*)

SHAUN (*to C.*). Now b'ys, one glass all round and thin I'll call upon Paddy Finch for a song. (*drinking business of ALL.*)

ALL. Whoo! (*one*) Where's Paddy? (*another*) Pat, ye schamer, clear yer pipes! (*another*) Paddy, yer wanted.

LANIGAN. Av ye plase, here he is! (*shows drunken PEASANT, R.*) but not a note will yees git out of him this night, barrin' it's a snore. He's overtuk.

SHAUN. Is he salted down intirely?

KATTY. He is contint! (*drinks.*)

ARRAH (*R. C. up*). Come, Shaun, for want of a betther, we'll take a song from yersilf.

ALL. Hurroo! Rise it, Shaun, avick!

SHAUN. Well, ladies, it's for you to choose the tune of it. What shall it be? (*C.*)

REGAN. The Wearing of the Green!

ALL. Hurroo! The Wearing of the Green!

SHAUN. Whisht! boys, are ye mad! is it sing that song an' the sogers widin' gun shot? Sure there's suddint death in ivery note of it.

O'NY. Niver fear; we'll put a watch outside an' sing it quiet!

SHAUN. It is the twisting av the rope ye are axin' for.

REGAN. Divil an informer to the fore; so out with it.

SHAUN. Is it all right outside there?

O'NY (*up at D.*). Not a sowl can hear ye, barrin' ourselves. (*two or three PEASANTS stand in U. E., L. C., looking off R. and L.*)

SHAUN. Murder alive! keep lookin' out.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.* (*SHAUN.*)

Oh, Paddy dear, and did ye hear

The news that's goin' round?

The Shamrock is by law forbid

To grow on Irish ground!

No more ye may on Patrick's day,

Joy with the dance an' song—

We thought it did the Saint no harm—

But England says it's wrong.

CHORUS.

The Shamrock is forbid, the Shamrock is forbid,
The Shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.

Oh, I met wid Napper Tandy, and

He tuck me by the hand,

And he axed me if Ould Ireland

At last had tuck her stand?

It's the most distrissful country

That man has iver seen:

(*very pathetically.*)

Sure they're hanging men and women there,

For wearing of the green!

* The original verses can be sung instead, or the "Shan van Voght," or other patriotic song of the period, can be substituted, for desirable reasons.

CHORUS.

For wearing of the green, for wearing of the green,
They are hanging men and women there, for wearing of the green.

They may make their laws in Windsor,
And sind ridcoats to the fore.
But we're resolved our rights to have
As Paddies ever more !
Though on the sod the three-leaf's cast,
Plucked from your ould caubeen—
Oh, niver fear ! twill take root there !
And be wearing of the green.

CHORUS.

A-wearing of the green, a-wearing of the green !
Oh, niver fear ! twill take root there, and be wearing of the green.

[ARRAH. Well, this is purty goin's on at my weddin'. Boys, I am spoilin' for a dance, and not one among you has axed me the tune I like, nor offered to provoke my fut to the floor. Oiny Farrel, stand out and face me, if you dar'. Come, girls, the fiddlers are ashamed of yees.

ALL. Hurroo ! (jig.)* *March, drum beats off R.*)

PEASANTS *in upper entrance, run in, signing for caution.*

OINY. The riglars ! (great confusion. BEAMISH is seen to throw off his overcoat and exit by trap-door in upper platform wall.)

Enter, R. U. E. to L. C., file of SOLDIERS, SERGEANT, MAJOR, O'GRADY, FANNY, FEENY. SERGEANT posts SOLDIERS in upper entrance, and brings others in with him, R. and L.

MAJOR. Guard the doors ; let no one pass. (comes down c.)

O GRADY (coming down c.). We are very sorry to spoil your diversion, boys, but a robbery has been committed last night on Derrybawn Hill, and we have received information that some of the plunder has been traced to this spot.

SHAUN.† Is it a thafe ye are afther, sir ? Ah, thin, if any such is under this roof, ye are welcome to him. (OINY, REGAN, LANAGAN go up c., but finding the SOLDIERS on the alert, talk together and mix in with the others again.)

MAJOR. Now, Mr. Feeny, whom do you charge with having possession of the plunder ?

FEENY. That woman—Arrah Meelish.

ALL. Arrah !

FEENY. Oh, niver fear, we'll find the money in her pocket—let her be s'arched. (going R.)

SHAUN. Lay a finger on her, and I'll brain ye !

*To Stage Manager. This between brackets can be "cut" if necessary. The alarm being at end of song when SHAUN will say, "I told ye so, b'ys, how it would be!" and the soldiers enter.

† PEASANTS.
ARRAH

SERGEANT.
SHAUN.
R. C.

O'GRADY.
C.

MAJOR.

PEASANTS.
FANNY.
L. C.

FEENY.
L.

MAJOR. Arrest that fellow!

O'GRADY (*puts back the SERGEANT going to seize SHAUN*). Aisy, Major; what would you do if a man offered to lay a hand on the woman you loved? Be the powers, I'd brain him first, and warn him afterwards. Shaun, my man, the thing is settled in a moment. We don't believe a word this fellow has deposed, but—if Arrah has any money—bank-notes about her—

SHAUN. She has, sir. (*ARRAH agitated.*)

O'GRADY. See that; then let us just look at them.

SHAUN. Wid all the pleasure in life. Arrah, dear, give me thim notes ye showed me awhile ago. Don't be frightened, darlint. Come. (*ARRAH slowly draws out the bills and gives them to SHAUN.*)

O'GRADY (*receiving notes*). The Bank of Naas

FEENY (*eagerly*). And they are part of thim that I was robbed of last night on Derrybawn. I'll swear to thim! Luk and ye'll find my name on the back of one of thim! There—that's the one. See! d'ye belave me now?

O'GRADY. Where and from whom did you receive this money?

SHAUN (*aside*). Why doesn't she spake?

O'GRADY. I'm sure you won't refuse to tell us how you became possessed of these notes. (*pause*) After what you have heard, if you are innocent—as I am sure you are—you won't help to screen the thief.

MAJOR. You are silent. (*to ARRAH. L. c.*) Well then, perhaps you will answer another question. Where is the young man who has been concealed in your cabin the last six weeks. (*the GIRLS fall back from ARRAH, who hides her face. Agitation and murmurs*) Do you hear me? I want the young man, your lover! the secret leader of the rebel movement in this neighborhood—who committed this robbery last night, and then shared with you the proceeds of his crime.

SHAUN (*holds out his hands appealingly*). Arrah! (*R. C.*)

ARRAH. Shaun, let me spake to you. (*L. c.*)

MAJOR (*intervenes*). No! you are my prisoner. This girl must hold no communication with any one here. (*two SOLDIERS stand by ARRAH, another unlocks handcuffs*) Search this place!

FEENY. I know ivery hole and corner in it. (*PEASANTS groan FEENY*) Folly me! (*takes half a dozen SOLDIERS up the stairs where they prod with their bayonets among the straw. Two SOLDIERS exeunt L. 1 E.*)

FANNY (*to ARRAH*). Arrah Meelish, for the sake of that loving heart that is bleeding yonder, for the sake of those honest girls whostand bewildered at this charge against you, oh! for your own sake, speak out! say that no one has been concealed here. Raise up your face, girl, and say it is a lie.

ALL (*after pause*). She doesn't spake, she doesn't spake.

FANNY. You desire, then, that all here should believe you guilty; you wish that Shaun should accept your silence as a confession of your shame?

ARRAH. Fanny Power, if all Ireland thought me guilty—ay! if I said the word mesilf and swore to it, he would not belave it agin' his own heart, that knows me too well to doubt me. (*SHAUN uncovers his face.*)

FEENY comes down with SOLDIERS. SOLDIERS enter L. 1 E., and report, "No!" to SERGEANT.

FEENY (*coat in hand*). He has escaped! but here is his coat, he left behind him, and look! here in the pocket is my pass that he stole. (*paper up.*)

MAJOR. This evidence, Colonel, is pretty conclusive, =

O'GRADY. You see this, Arrah? Reflect, my good girl, that a cruel and a painful death is the penalty of this crime; I believe that you are screening some unworthy villain at the cost of your own life. Speak, Arrah!

ARRAH (*with an outburst*). Take me away; don't I offer my hands to the irons? why don't you take me away?

SHAUN. Stop! if she will not spake, I will! That coat there belongs to me—I robbed Feeny of his money and gave the notes to Arrah. (c.)

ARRAH (*falls in SHAUN's arms*). Shaun! Shaun! what are ye sayin'?

SHAUN. Hould up yer head, me darlint. Who dar' say a word agin' ye now? Yes, O'Grady, put it all down to me, av ye plaze, sir. Don't cry, acushla, sure they can't harm a hair in your head now. (SOLDIERS handcuff SHAUN, behind his back.)

ARRAH. Oh, Shaun, what have you done?

SHAUN. You see how wrong you all wor' to be so hard upon her, and she was as innocent as a child. (ARRAH swoons and SHAUN not being able to prevent her fall, O'GRADY receives her and puts her on chair brought to R. c., front) Take her, Colonel dear, quick, I say, she has fainted, the creature. There now, git me away handy afore she's sinsible, the poor thing. Major dear, is it agin' the regulations to take one kiss from her before I lave her, maybe foriver? (*kisses* ARRAH. *Music*.)

* *

SOLDIERS at D. in F.

PEASANTS.

MAJOR.

FANNY.

O'G.*

PEASANTS.

SOLDIERS.

* ARRAH

* SHAUN.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rocks and Torrent, in 1st grooves. Gas down.

Enter, BEAMISH, R.

BEAM. What a night of adventure. I had a narrow escape from the barn, but favored by the darkness, I scaled the cliff and stole away like a fox over the hills. What can detain Fanny? The hour appointed for our meeting has passed. (*crosses to L. and return to c., impatiently*) Hark! (*looks L.*) some one comes down the gully. No, those are the footsteps of a man. 'Tis surely Oiny Farrel.

Enter, L., OINY.

OINY. Himsilf, yer honor, and it's the bad luck that's in it, sir, intirely.

BEAM. What has happened?

O'INY. Oh, the devil an' all, sir. Read that while I get me breath. (*gives letter.*)

BEAM. It is from Fanny. Something has occurred to frustrate our plans. (*reads letter*) "When I inform you that I have become acquainted with the relation existing between yourself and the person whose cabin you lately inhabited, it will scarcely be necessary to add that we can never meet again." Great heavens, what does this mean? (*reads*) "I shudder when I think of you, so don't expose yourself to perils by attempting to see me. If any gentle feeling be awakened in your breast by the sad result of your crime, I appeal to that feeling to protect me from the insult of your presence. Fanny Power."

O'INY. It's thrue, indade, sir: they found signs of yoursilf in Arrah's cabin. The girl w'u'dn't spake a word to lit on who was in it, an' whin all the paple was down upon her for the shame of the thing, sure Shaun stud up and says he: "I am the man!" says he, and so he was tuk.

BEAM. What horrible porridge are you talking? Shaun arrested? (*O'INY nods*) and for what?

O'INY. For robbin' Feeny! Sure the notes was found in Arrah's pockets and she woul'dn't say how she come by thim. Oh, but she said it well, the darlint.

BEAM. And this occurred after I left the barn?

O'INY. It did, sir.

BEAM. And was Miss Power present?

O'INY. Indade she was, and she was mighty hard on Arrah, smarr blame to her; and all the neighbors was agin' her, in regard to her de-cavin' Shaun.

BEAM. But why did you not tell the truth at once and rescue the poor girl?

O'INY. Is it betray yer honor?

BEAM. Do you mean that Shaun, to save me, has acknowledged to crimes that he never committed?

O'INY. Divil a ha'porth, sir; it was to save Arrah.

BEAM. He is ignorant then that I was the person concealed in the barn; for she promised me to keep my presence there a secret from him. He must believe the poor girl guilty.

O'INY (*lightly*). Well, it won't trouble him long, for they say the court-martial will be hild on him to-day, an' he'll be hung before mornin'.

BEAM. No! I will give myself up, and confess all.

O'INY. Confess that Arrah gave shelter to the outlaw? You will only shift the rope from his neck to hers.

BEAM. No! I think—at least, I hope, no such unjust and inhuman sacrifice will be demanded. I will go at once to the Secretary of State at Dublin, and lay the whole history of my folly before him. Surely he will spare Arrah's life if I surrender mine. (*cross to L.*)

O'INY. Ah, sure, sir! you w'u'dn't give yourself up?

BEAM. What object have I now in life? This cruel letter deprives me of defence and appeal. I know too well the promptitude of martial law. I have but a few hours to reach Dublin, obtain an audience and dispatch the order from the authorities to suspend Shaun's execution. Meanwhile, return at once to Arrah, and tell her she has my leave to speak.

O'INY. She'd niver do it, sir.

BEAM. Then let Shaun know the truth and out with it.

O'INY. How can he, whin it will convict his own girl?

BEAM. Then stand out yourself and proclaim these poor people to be innocent.

O'INY. Oh, yis! an' how w'u'd I look? Faith I'd put mysilf in for it

intirely. Sure I'd have to confess that I was through it all with yer honor.

BEAM. Then Fanny shall make the avowal. Yes, my confession will serve as the best answer to this letter, and she will understand my truth when I seal its utterance with my life. This evidence produced at the trial will save Shaun.

OINY. But sure I'll niver be able to git back to Ballybetagh before the court-martial comes on.

BEAM. Follow me then quickly. Oh! could I have foreseen that my wild adventure on Derrybawn would have had so unhappy a termination! *[Exit, R., followed off by OINY.]*

Scene changes to

SCENE II.—*Same as Scene 2d, Act I. Gas down half turn.*

Enter, D. in F., MAJOR and O'GRADY.

MAJOR. Really, Colonel, I cannot understand the grounds on which you profess to believe in the innocence of this fellow.

O'GRADY. Sir, I have known him to be an honest man ever since he was a child. (L. c.)

MAJOR. But he has confessed his guilt! (C.)

O'GRADY. That is the only bad feature in his case.

MAJOR. Bad feature! what evidence can be more conclusive? Don't you believe his word?

O'GRADY. Egad, Major, if you think that he is capable of picking a pocket, won't you let me think him capable of telling a lie?

MAJOR. The court-martial will decide that question. I am anxious to dispatch this fellow's case at once, for the country is agitated and prompt measures are requisite to restore order. It is my firm conviction that an example is particularly required at this moment to check a popular disturbance. This man's case admits of no doubt, and his execution will, I hope, prove a salutary public lesson. That being my firm conviction, Colonel, I trust you will excuse my prolonging any discussion upon the point. Good-morning. *[Bows and exit, L. 1 E.]*

O'GRADY. There goes a kind-hearted gentleman who would cut more throats on principle and firm conviction than another blackguard would sacrifice to the worst passion of his nature. If there is one thing that misleads a man more than another thing, it is having a firm conviction about anything. *(cross to L., return to C.)*

Enter, R. 1 E., FANNY.

FANNY. You are right. I had a firm conviction; but if ever I have another—if ever I trust one of your sex again, may I be deceived as I shall deserve to be. (L. c.)

O'GRADY (C.). What has happened?

FANNY. A change has come over me since last night. I am no longer the fool I was. (O'GRADY looks surprised, humorously) I have learnt a bitter lesson. Oh, may you never know what it is to be deceived by the being you love!

O'GRADY. That will depend a good deal on yourself, my dear.

FANNY. May you never find the idol of your heart to be a worthless, treacherous, unfeeling thing, whose life is one long falsehood! *(crosses and returns.)*

O'GRADY (*aside*). What is the matter with her?

FANNY (*meets him at c.*). Oh, when I compare you with other men, how noble, how good, you appear.

O'GRADY (*aside*). I wonder what I have been doing.

FANNY. And how base I feel when I reflect on the past.

O'GRADY. Then don't reflect on it. Why should you remember it? Upon my word, I'll forget it with all my heart whatever it is.

FANNY. Will you forgive me?

O'GRADY (*loftily*). The man who hesitates to forgive a woman, under any circumstances, even when he hasn't the smallest notion of what she is talking about deserves——

FANNY (*interrupts*). That's enough, I ask no protestations—I have had enough of them. Now, to business: Do you love me?

O'GRADY. Ah, Fanny!

FANNY. You do? Oh, yes! I know too well that I have inspired you, and you only, with a true and faithful devotion—fool, fool that I have been!

O'GRADY. I can't quite follow the process of reasoning by which you get to that result.

FANNY. There is my hand—you desire to make it yours. Well, it is yours, on one condition.

O'GRADY. I accept it, whatever it is.

FANNY. You must save the life of this poor fellow, Shaun the Post, for I am, in some manner, the cause of his misfortunes.

O'GRADY. You? What in the name of wonder can you have to do with his affairs?

FANNY. Don't seek to learn more than is good for you to know. I was an accomplice in all this matter, and the same bad influence from which I barely escaped with my life has ruined Arrah Meelish.

O'GRADY. But I would like to understand——

FANNY. Listen, then, for this much I may at least tell you. If I had not been deceiving you for the last two months; if I did not feel that I was unworthy of your love, and that I owe you some reparation for the sufferings that I intended to inflict upon you, I would not say to you as I do now: O'Grady, I am yours. (*gives him her hand, which he kisses. She goes R., aside, tearful voice*) Now, Beamish, farewell forever! I have placed an impassable barrier between us, and I am miserable forever!

[*Exit, R., sobbing.*]

O'GRADY. I am bothered! She said "I am yours!" but something within me—that feels like the conscience of my heart—refuses to send through every vein of my body those congratulations of delight that make a man feel conscious he is beloved. Woman! woman! (*goes R.*) you were always the disturbing influence in the peaceful realms of human nature. (*about to exit*) Oh, Father Adam! why didn't you die with all your ribs in your body.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Prison interior in 3d grooves. Gas down half turn.*

Discovering SHAUN, seated R., by table.

SHAUN. Well, this is a sorry place for a man to spend his widdin'-day in. It is not wid the iron cuffs on me an' wid a jug o' cowid wather for a companion I ixpected to find mysilf this blissid noight.

Enter, L. D., lanterns in hands, SERGEANT and FEENY, preceded by SOLDIER, who stands by the door, at the present arms.

SERGEANT (to SOLDIER). The prisoner is all right?

SOLDIER. All right, sir.

SHAUN (*aside*). Who's there? It is Feeny, the dirty spalpane, coming to crow over my trouble. He shan't see that I am unaisy in me moid inny way. (*sings in a low voice, while FEENY ho'ds up the lantern to him*) "Tis the green, oh, the green is the color of the true, and we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue!" *etc.*

FEENY. So it is singin' ye are, as gay as a lark, eh? kapin' up yer spirits? That's right, me man, by-and-by ye'll be put on yer thrial before the court-marshil.

SHAUN. Will, to be sure, a court-marshil itslf. Is it in full gerriment-als they'll be?

FEENY. Certainly.

SHAUN. An' they won't charge me innythng for seein' the show?

FEENY. They'll charge ye wid rebellion an' robbery. (SERGEANT and SOLDIER converse, L. U. E. corner.)

SHAUN. An' what will they do to me for all that?

FEENY. You will be hung free of all ixpinse—hung before to-morrer mornin'—that's the widdin'-noight you ll have. It's a wooden bride that is waitin' for ye, me jewil. It's on'y wan arm she's got, an' wan lig, ho, ho! but, once she takes ye roun' the nick, she's yours till dith, ha, ha!

SHAUN. An' is hangin' all they'll do for me?

FEENY. Nothin' else, my dear.

SHAUN. It's well it's no worse.

FEENY. Worse! what c'u'd be worse?

SHAUN (*rising, with vehemence*). They c'u'd make me a process-server, a police-spy an' a coward! (FEENY jumps back.)

FEENY. Oh, ye think to decave me wid yer hoigh sperits, but ye don't! I know how you fale, wid the canker that's atin' yer heart out. (SHAUN resumes seat) Sure, I loved Arrah, (SHAUN starts, recovers his coolness) but I knew the bad drop was in her.

SHAUN (*tries to break his chain. Then, calmly, by an effort*). It's well for you that I am tied. Go an. go an!

FEENY. So don't be onaisy: she'll have some one to comfort her whin you are gone, an' that will be mysif, me jewil! Dy'e think I was decaved wid the cloak ye threw over her shame—not a ha'porth! She is guilty, an' you know it as will as I do. You thought to save her by his schame, but, will I tell ye what ye have done? ye have made her over to me as clane as if ye had lift her by will. To-morrow, whin ye are over your trouble, I will show her the proofs I hould agin' her, an' she will be mine rather than face the disgrace of your death and the fear of her owd. (SHAUN breaks the chain. SERGEANT and SOLDIER look round.)

SHAUN. Not whin I can make sure of ye first! (*seizes FEENY by the throat. Struggle*) Now, since the divil won't fetch ye, I'll send ye home!

FEENY (*struggling, choked voice*). Hilp, Sergeant, he's loose, he's loose! (SERGEANT parts them FEENY feels his neck) Hould him fast, have ye got him? Call the guard! (*beckons to SOLDIER*) till they skewer him agin' the wall! (*whining*) Isn't this purty thratemint for an officer of the law in purshoot av his jooty! Oh, it's cryin' ye are at last, Mr. Shaun! (*tauntingly to SHAUN, seated on stool, face hid in hands*) I thought yer bright sperits w'u'd not last long. (SERGEANT takes FEENY by collar and runs him to L. D.) Hu'lo!

SERG. Clear out! You mistake the place: this is a man in trouble, and not a badger in a hole to be baited by a cur like you!

FEENY (*indignant*). I'll till you what it is——

SERG. (*at c. up*). Sentry!

FEENY. I've got an orderh from your superiors to visit the prisoner——

SERG. Put that man out ! (SOLDIER *shoves* FEENY *through* L. D., *salutes, exit.*)

FEENY (*runs in* L. D., *excited*). What am I going out for ? I've got an order.

SOLDIER *enters*, L. D., *levels bayonet at* FEENY *and runs him out* L. D. *Close*
L. D.

SERG. (*to* SHAUN, R.). Come, prisoner, keep up your pluck—don't give way like a girl. This will never do—come, come ! heads up, eyes right—you are not at the foot of the ladder yet.

SHAUN. Oh ! it's not what they can do to me that hurts me, but it is her sorrow that breaks my heart intirely.

Enter, L. D., FANNY POWER.

FANNY. There (*offers paper to* SERGEANT, *who examines it*) is an order from Major Coffin to admit me to see your prisone.* Tell me, Sergeant, as I entered, I saw a girl sitting outside the prison-gate ; how long has she been there ?

SERG. Well, miss, she has been lying there all night ; the sentry warned her off, and I told her that dogs and women were against the riggleations in barracks—but we didn't like to drive the poor thing away, as she promised to be quiet, so there she is.

FANNY. Leave us. (SERGEANT *salutes and exits* L. D.) Shaun ! (*goes* R.) you did not commit the crime of which you are self-accused, and rather than you shall suffer for the guilt of another, I will denounce the man I have loved, for 'twas he, my affianced husband, who was concealed in Arrah's cabin.

SHAUN. And you belave he is false to you ?

FANNY. Alas ! I know it.

SHAUN. Thank ye kindly miss ; but I'd rather ye'd hould yer tongue about me, and lit me die me own way !

FANNY. You believe then in Arrah's honesty ?

SHAUN. I niver doubted her love.

FANNY. Poor, weak, blind, infatuated fool, you shall not sacrifice so faithful a heart to so bad an object. Shaun, the girl's outside now, (SHAUN *looks up*) will you see her ?

SHAUN (*eagerly*). Will I see her ? Would ye ax a man dyin' av drouth would he have a drop of wather ?

FANNY (*going* L.). It is a cruel kindness to undeceive him, but I will have out this truth, cost what it may. [*Exit*, L. D.]

SHAUN. She's comin'. I'll see her agin before I die. Now, Shaun, mind me ; don't be showin' the sorer in yer brist, but comfort the poor creature ye're goin' to lave behoind ye. Tuck in yer sowl, ye poor mane bodagh,† and don't be showin' her the rags of yer heart.

Enter, L. D., ARRAH.

ARRAH. Shaun !

SHAUN. Ar—Arrah ! (*rises.*)

† SHAUN. SERGEANT.
R.

FANNY.
C. up.

*Bodagh, a stern, severe man.

ARRAH (*simply*). May be he knew that you did not love him well enough to trust him, and how c'u'd he put my life into the power of one in whom he had so little faith?

FANNY (*aside*). Oh, what have I done? My word is passed to the O'Grady. I feel as if I had committed suicide in a fit of temporary insanity. (*drum-roll off L.*) Hark! they are coming to take Shaun before the court-martial. (ARRAH *clings to* SHAUN *fearfully*) What is to be done? (*walks to and fro*) Shaun, come what may, *you* must not die.

SHAUN. Well, miss, to be sure, life and Arrah is mighty swate when takin' together.

ARRAH. May be he'll get off after all. They say the law is mighty onsartin.

FANNY. Unfortunately Shaun has confessed that he is guilty.

SHAUN. Will, sure now, if I confiss that I am innocent, won't one go ag'in'st the other?

ARRAH. No; I belave that they always take a man's word that he is a thafe, but it's not worth a trauneeen to prove him an honest man.

FANNY. If we could have got up an *alibi*. (*walking up and down L. side.*)

SHAUN. I've heern that that's a foine thing intirely.

FANNY. But that isn't to be thought of in your case.

ARRAH. What is it she's axin' for?

SHAUN. I don't know rightly, jewil, but it's what lawyers always want whin a man's in throuble. "Have you got e'er an *alibi*?" says the Judge. "I have," says the lawyer. "That's enough," says the Court, "discharge the prisoner!"

FANNY. Listen. You must deny your guilt.

ARRAH. D'y'e hear, Shaun?

SHAUN (*cautiously*). But I won't be making out innyth'ing agin the masther that way, will I, miss?

ARRAH. Hould yer whisht, an' mind what ye're bid.

FANNY. If they put any questions to you, don't betray yourself.

SHAUN. Oh, niver fear, I'm aquil to botherin' a regiment av the loikes av thim. (*drums, march.*)

(*Voice of SERGEANT off L. U. E.*). Halt.

[FANNY *exit*, L. D.]

SERGEANT and two SOLDIERS *enter* L. D. SOLDIERS *shown at* L. D.
SHAUN's handcuffs are removed.

SERG. Sorry to interrupt you, but we must conduct the prisoner before the court-martial.

ARRAH. Niver fear, darlint, I will get as near to you as they will let me.

SHAUN. Oh Arrah, the sight of your face an' the sound av your v'ice is the mate an' drink av my sowl. Good-by, darlint! (*kisses her*) My heart goes wid you!

ARRAH. If they put ye out of the worrld dear, I'll soon be after ye; for hiven has j'ined us together, an' no law shall put us asundher.

[*Exit*, L. D.]

SERG. She gives a man a desire to be executed. She puts me in mind of a glass of brandy. Eh, prisoner, how's the courage, eh? Can I get you anything to keep the heart up before the trial?

SHAUN (C.). Well, Sergeant dear, have you such a thing about ye as an *alibi*, or could ye borry it av a frind?

SERG. A halibi? (*shakes his head*) Is it anything in the way of a furrin liquor?

SHAUN (*scratches his head*). I don't know, but I thought you might.

SERG. I'm afraid it's against the riggleations, for I never saw one in barracks. What quantity do you want?

SHAUN (*puzzled*). Begorra! that's a puzzler! Get me a whole one! (*goes L. with SERGEANT.*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE IV.—*Same as Scene 1st, Act II. Gas down*

FANNY enters, L.

FANNY. I would like to know what I could be guilty of now to add to my folly and to my iniquity. By this time, Beamish must have received my letter. What will he do? why, he will come here at once and deliver himself up. He will never permit Shaun to suffer in his place. Then what will become of me?

OINY enters, R.

OINY. Long life to ye, miss. Here's a bit o' writin' that's in a hurry. (*gives letter.*)

FANNY. 'Tis from Beamish. (*reads letter*) "When you receive this, I shall have surrendered myself to the authorities. My avowal will exonerate Shaun, and my death will allay all fear in your breast that you will ever again be insulted with the presence of Beamish McCoul." I knew it! I have driven him to this. Where is he?

OINY. He's gone to inform on himsilf, miss. Sure, ses he, my life is worth Shaun's and Arrah's put together. I'm off, ses he.

FANNY. Where to?

OINY. Well, to some great man that dales in thim things, I belave, miss.

FANNY. Oiny, go at once and order my horse to be harnessed to the lightest vehicle in the O'Grady's stables.

OINY. That's the buggy, miss.

FANNY. Give the horse a big feed, for a man's life is on his speed to-night.

OINY. Thin I'll wet his oats wid a glass of whiskey, and he'll fly, miss, niver fear! (*runs off R.*)

FANNY. I have but one hope left. I must throw myself on the generosity of the only man who can avert this terrible catastrophe. He has granted pardon to Beamish already; but to be effective, it must be unconditional. I must avow my folly to him. I will appeal to his mercy—not for Beamish, but for my wretched self. He can't refuse me, he won't (*goes L.*) he shan't! [*Exit, L.*]

Scene changes to

SCENE V.—*Court-room. Gas up.*

OINY, REGAN, LANAGAN, PEASANTS and PEASANT GIRLS, R., *behind railing*. FEENY seated R. front, on stool, just out of reach from railing, *playing nervously with the blue-bag*. CLERKS at table. SERGEANT, R. SOLDIERS posted here and there. O'GRADY, MAJOR and OFFICERS L., on platform.

OINY. Ah! do ye see where ye are scrougin' to?

KATTY. D'ye think there's no body here but yersilf? (*shoves OINY with her elbow.*)

LAN. (*behind KATTY*). Mrs. Welsh, ma'am, would ye moind takin' the back av yer nightcap out of me mouth?

SERG. Order in the court! Order!

KATTY. Sergeant dear, which *is* the coort, av ye plaze

REGAN. It's thim beyant in the goold lace.

LAN. Ah! go an—where's the wigs? (*drum-roll.*)

SERG. Attention! (*O'GRADY and OFFICERS take seats.*)

MAJOR. Sergeant, is everything prepared? Are we ready to try the prisoner? (*SERGEANT bows.*)

O'GRADY. Let the prisoner be brought into court.

SERGEANT *goes up*. Two SOLDIERS *enter* D. in F., with SHAUN, whom they *escort to rail, R.*

REGAN. Get out of that, b'ys, an' make room there for Arrah.

LAN. Stand back, Katty.

SERG. Less noise there.

KATTY. Then hould your own whisht! (*PEASANTS laugh.*)

ARRAH *enters, R. 2 E., and takes place at railing*. FEENY *looks at her; she and SHAUN exchange encouraging glances.*

MAJOR. Has the article of war constituting this court-martial been duly read. (*CLERK bows*) I think, Colonel, we may proceed.

ARRAH (*to SHAUN*). Now mind what ye are sayin', darlint.

MAJOR (*to SHAUN*). Your name?

SHAUN. Is it my name, sir? Ah, ye are jokin'. Sure there's his ho-
or beside ye, can answer for me, long life to him.

MAJOR. Will you give the Court your name, fellow?

SHAUN. Well, I'm not ashamed of it.

O'GRADY. Come, Shaun, my man

SHAUN. There! didn't I tell ye he knew me well enough?

MAJOR (*writes*). Shaun. That's the Irish for "John" I suppose?

SHAUN. No, sir; but John is the English for Shaun.

MAJOR. What is your other name?

SHAUN. Me other name? Sure I niver did innuthing I wanted to hide unnder any other. (*turns R.*) Did yees iver know me, b'ys, only as Shaun?

ALL. That's true! You may put that down agin' him, Major.

SERG. Order!

O'GRADY. He is called Shaun the Post. (*to MAJOR.*)

SHAUN. In regard of me carryin' the letther-bag by the car, yer hon-
or.

MAJOR. Now, prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?

SHAUN. Sure, Major, that's what you're going to find on

ARRAH. Don't confess, Shaun.

SHAUN. Niver fear; I'm not such a fool as they think.

O'GRADY. Well, Shaun, you have pleaded guilty to this charge of robbery and rebellion—

SHAUN (*easily*). Well, O'Grady—

MAJOR. Prisoner, you must not presume to address the Court with curt insolence, calling this gentleman "O'Grady" in that familiar manner.

O'GRADY. Your pardon, Major. You are not aware of our Irish ways. I am the O'Grady, the head of the sept. This man belongs to the sept of the McCouls; and, as your kings are called, without offence, by their Christian names, as "George" or "William," our chiefs are called

"O'Grady" or "McCoul." Pardon this digression, but the man gives me my title and no more. (MAJOR *bows*) Go on, my good man.

SHAUN. I did plade guilty last night, true for ye, sir, and so I was, *thin*, your worship; but I want to say that I am as innocint as a fish this mornin'.

MAJOR. You wish to withdraw your plea?

SHAUN. I don't know, sir, but I want to do whatever will get me off.

MAJOR. Withdraw his plea. (CLERK *writes*) The prisoner pleads "Not guilty?"

SHAUN. Thank ye kindly, Major. (*leaves the railing*) It's all over, Arrah. (SERGEANT *stops him*, and SHAUN *explains that he is free.*)

MAJOR. What is the fellow doing?

SHAUN (*in railing*). Oh, Major, sure ye wouldn't go back of your word? (to PEASANTS) Didn't his honor say fair an' plain, "He is not guilty," ses he?

ALL. Oh, Major, ye did. Long life to the Major, b'ys.

SERG. Order there!

MAJOR. Really, this must be stopped; the dignity of the court must be preserved.

SHAUN. Do yees hear that, b'ys? Preserve yer dignity, ye bla'guards, till ye git outside.

MAJOR. Now, Mr. Feeny, make your charge.

PEASANTS (*groan*). Ugh! (*try to strike FEENY.*)

FEENY (*rises*). Plaze, yer worship—

O'GRADY. Stop. What's your name?

FEENY. Michael Feeny.

O'GRADY. Your business?

FEENY. Well, your worship—

O'GRADY. Don't worship me, man, and confound me in your mind with the devil. Speak straight, if you can. What's your dirty trade?

FEENY. Sure, you know well enough, sir. I am an officer av the law, sir.

O'GRADY. I *do* know you. Well enough! but these gentleman do not. Are you not a process server? (PEASANTS *show delight, pointing at FEENY, etc.*)

FEENY (*hesitates*). Well—

O'GRADY (*forcibly*). Yes or no?

FEENY. Ye-es!

O'GRADY. An informer on occasion?

FEENY. I did—

O'GRADY. Out with it—yes or no?

FEENY. Ye-es. (KATTY *laughs and pretends to faint in LANAGAN'S arms*, LANAGAN *fans her with his coat-tail.*)

O'GRADY. How many times have you been committed to jail?

FEENY. Is it me that's on me thrial, Colonel, or Shaun the Post?

O'GRADY. Don't question me, sir! I want an answer. Come, how often were you in prison?

FEENY. I—I disremember.

PEASANTS. Oh!

O'GRADY. No doubt, but I don't. (*reads a paper*) Three times for perjury, once for theft, and six times for petty offences. Will I name the prisons and the length of the periods of incarceration?

FEENY. I w'u'dn't ax—

O'GRADY. Yes or no?

FEENY. N—no! (PEASANTS *laugh.*)

O'GRADY. Now, go on. The court has your name and trade, you may proceed.

FEENY (*whining*). It's moighty hard, so it is, to be put upon this way, and me on y doing me jooty. Sure yer worship knows well all I've got to say. It's took down in the impositions agin' the prisoner. Is it my fault if Shaun confessed to the robbery? Did I put the idaya in his head or the notes in his pocket? Thin why am I to be scraped down to be-thray my misfortunes ondernathe? It's mighty hard upon me intirely, so it is! (*wipes his eyes with his blue bag.*)

O'GRADY. You come here to accuse the prisoner—stop snivelling over yourself and try your hand upon him.

FEENY. Sure, Colonel, dear, Shaun has accused himself.

MAJOR. Do you swear that the notes produced were part of the property of which you are accused? (*FEENY at table, where the CLERK presents to him notes and testament. FEENY lays hand on testament.*)

FEENY. I do, sir.

MAJOR. Prisoner, do you wish to ask this witness any questions?

SHAUN (*loftily*). I w'd'n't bemane myself bein' seen talkin' to him.

MAJOR. Stand down. (*FEENY goes R., to his seat, but has to move forward to prevent PEASANTS seizing him*) Now we are ready to hear what defence you may have to make to this charge.

O'GRADY. And recollect, Shaun, y u are talking for your life.

ARRAH. Mind what ye are sayin' now.

SHAUN. Well, yer honors, I can't say much; but if I am to be found guilty on that chap's swearing, it will be a wrong bill. The Recorder knows him well, an I wouldn't sintince a flay for back-bitin' on that fellow's oath. Come out of that, Michael Feeny, and hear me. Whin St. Patrick (*PEASANTS cross themselves quickly*) druv all the crapin' things out of Ireland, he lift wan sarpint behind, and that was your great-grandfather. (*laugther.*)

MAJOR. This is not to the point.

O'GRADY. But it's a mighty fine outburst of natural eloquence. Go on, my man, crush that reptile if you can.

SHAUN. Crush him? I'd ax no betther. I've had him under my fist, but he is like some varmin you can't crush, they sticks so flat in the dirt!

MAJOR. This is very irrelevant!

O'GRADY. That's prejudice, Major. I never listened to anything more compact in the way of vituperation.

MAJOR. But abuse is not evidence. (*to SHAUN*) Have you any witnesses to call.

SHAUN. Divil a one, Major—barin' you'd like to stand up for a poor b'y in trouble yersilf, an' say a good word for me.

MAJOR. Then this case is closed. (*to OFFICERS*) I think, gentlemen, the facts are plain. We have but one duty to perform.

O'GRADY. I'm for lettin' him off.

MAJOR. On what grounds?

O'GRADY. The eloquence of the defence.

MAJOR. I regret to say that we cannot admit so Irish a consideration. *

O'GRADY. Well, gentlemen, I have private reasons for believing this man to be innocent, and you will oblige me in a particular manner if you will believe so too.

MAJOR. In defiance of our convictions, Colonel?

O'GRADY. That will only add to the obligation, Major. I have given my word to a lady that I would get this fellow off.

MAJOR. Do you consider, sir, the debt of duty you owe your sovereign?

O'GRADY. I do, sir; but a promise made to a lady is a debt of honor, and that is always paid before taxes.

MAJOR. Gentlemen, your voices. (*each OFFICER confers with MAJOR.*)

ARRAH (*aside*). Oh, the pain that is in my heart!

MAJOR. Prisoner, the Court having considered the evidence against you and having duly weighed the matters alleged by you in your defence, declares the charge made against you of associating and conspiring with rebels in arms against the peace of his Majesty and the realm, and also of robbery with violence done on the person of Michael Feeny, to be fully proven, and of the felonies aforesaid you are found guilty!

ALL. Guilty! Poor Shaun! Oh, blissid day! Oh, murder! what will be done to him?

SHAUN *embraces* ARRAH, *who has been let by* SERGEANT *to go to him.*

ARRAH. Shaun! (*in tears.*)

O'GRADY (*rises*). I'm sorry for you, Shaun. I would have got you off if a majority of one agin four would have done it, but you see we are unanimous against you, my poor boy, so—whether you committed the crimes or not, you are guilty. It's mighty hard upon you to say so.

MAJOR (*sternly*). Colonel, permit me to remark that these observations coming from the Court are subversive of its dignity.

O'GRADY Ah, Major! look at that poor girl that lies broken-heart'ed on the body of the man she loves, knowing that there's not a day's life in the breast she's clinging to. It is a hard duty that obliges a gentleman to put a rope round that boy's neck, while dignity forbid him saying he is mighty sorry for it! (*claps his hat on, exit, R. 1 E.* OFFICERS *bow to him rising, and resume seats.*)

MAJOR. Prisoner, we deeply regret the sentence which it is incumbent on us to pass upon you, but the Court knows only its duty, and the penalty ascribed to your crime. The sentence of the Court is (*the OFFICERS take off hats*) that you be taken hence to your prison, whence you came, and to-morrow at daylight you suffer death. And may Heaven have mercy on your soul. (*OFFICERS put on their hats.*)

SHAUN. Well, your honor, I don't blame you, for you have done your duty, I suppose, to the King that made ye what ye are, long life to him. And that duty is now to hang me, an' I have done my duty to the man that made me an' mine what we are, and that's to die for him. I could do no more and you could do no less. I dare say ye would have lit me off if ye could—so God bless you, all the same.

MAJOR. Remove the prisoner.

ALL (*women keening*). Ah, poor Shaun! Heaven help the poor thing—ah, it's hard upon her intirely!

FEENY *incautiously gets near railing, R. KATTY and others seize him and drag him over the railing. He cries for help. SERGEANT and SOLDIERS pass through the railing and rescue him. FEENY, his clothes all torn, face pale, staggers to C., and falls, clinging to SERGEANT in great terror.*

SOLDIERS.

* *

PEASANTS. ARRAH. * * SHAUN.

* * *

*

* OFFICERS.

* * *

FEENY. * * SERGEANT.

* MAJOR.

* * *

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior in 2d grooves. Lamp on table, lit. Gas half-turned down.*

Discovering WINTERBOTTOM asleep in chair, R., feet to fire. Knock off L.

WINTER. (*sleepily, strong cockney accent.*) H'I was h'under the h'apprehension that h'I heerd a knock. His Ludship h'is werry late. They h'are a-keeping h'of it h'up at the Lud Chief Justice's h'as usual, I presume. (*knock*) That's 'im. (*rises sleepily, yawning*) That lazy h'Irish porter was h'asleep.

Enter, D. in F., SECRETARY.

SEC. A little late, I think, Winterbottom. My dressing-gown. (*takes his coat off and puts dressing-gown on, helped by WINTER.*) You are an invaluable fellow. (*sits at table L. c.*) Now for work. You will come to me as usual at four o'clock and rouse me to go to bed. (*writes, etc.*)

WINTER. (*up L.*) Four o'clock—h'ahem! I awakes him at eight! Four hours sleep—it's calculated to kill a n'oss!

SEC. You forget. (*smiling*) I go to bed by the Dublin clock, but you awake me by your watch, and that keeps London time.

WINTER. Yes, me lud; it's a good h'English watch and wouldn't be mean h'itself to keep no h'other.

SEC. Well, don't you see I get half an hour now by that means? Irish time being so late.

WINTER. Indeed, me lud; I wasn't h'aware, but h'I'm no ways surprised, for they h'are behind-'and in h'everything 'ere.

SEC. The sun rises, you know, in London, half-an-hour before it rises in Ireland.

WINTER. And a very proper mark of respect it is, me lud, and doo likewise to the country and constitution, to sarve h'upstairs first, afore the day is sent down 'ere to the servants' 'all, as a body may say. Can I do h'anything else for your ludship?

SEC. Nothing, my good Winterbottom, I thank you. Good-night.

WINTER. Good-night, me lud. (*false exit, D. in F., returns*) Ho! I forgot; there's a yoing gentleman—a perfect gentleman—'as been a-waiting below since six o'clock. Whether he's gone or not, I won't take on me to say, but he said 'is business was life or death, and so 'e'd wait.

SEC. Who is he? did he give you his name?

WINTER. No, my lud.

SEC. Then how did you know he was a perfect gentleman?

WINTER. He give me a fi'-pun' note, me lud.

SEC. I beg your pardon. Show that perfect gentleman here. (*WINTERBOTTOM takes SECRETARY'S coat, and exit, D. in F.*) These disturbances in Wicklow threaten to involve us once more in endless trouble. Could we discover the ring-leaders of the movement, we might arrest it's progress, but all our efforts to detect them seem fruitless. (*rises.*)

WINTER. *shows BEAMISH in, D. in F.*

WINTER. Shall I wait, me lud, or——

SEC. No, you can go to bed. (*looks at BEAMISH, who bows.*)

WINTER. Werry good, me lud.

[*Exit, D. in F.*

SEC. I regret, sir, to have kept you so long in waiting. Will you favor

me with your name and in what way I can be of service to you. I pray you be seated. (*sits.*)

BEAM. (*remains standing, L.*). My name, my lord, is Beamish McCoul, (*SECRETARY lifts his eyebrows in surprise, refers to papers, looks up*) and I come to place my person at the disposal of the crown.

SEC. You select a strange time for such a proceeding.

BEAM. It is true, and I rely upon your forbearance to listen kindly to my apology. For six weeks past, I have been organizing an insurrection in the mountain districts of Wicklow; I saw enough to prove that our designs would be a useless waste of life; therefore, our plans were abandoned, and I had resolved to return to France this day.

SEC. A very prudent resolution; I regret you have not adhered to it.

BEAM. (*bows*). Here, my lord, (*presents paper*) is a confession of my participation in this affair. One of my former tenants has been arrested, tried, and by this time, has doubtlessly been found guilty on his own confession, of the acts which I have committed, and of which he is totally innocent.

SEC. Wherefore has this fellow confessed?

BEAM. That he might bear the penalty of my crime, while I escaped.

SEC. And you come here to claim his release and your own execution?

BEAM. If you please, my lord. (*bows his head.*)

SEC. I presume then that you and this fellow are disputing which of the two shall die?

BEAM. And I rely on your lordship's sense of justice to give me the preference.

SEC. (*rises, walks to the fire in thought, aside*). Shall I ever be able to understand this extraordinary people! (*knock off L.*) What new disturbance comes at this untimely hour? (*by table*) My poor Winterbottom can scarcely have gained his bed.

Appear at D. in F., WINTER., half dressed.

WINTER. A gentleman on horseback, my lud.

SEC. Is he a perfect gentleman?

WINTER. I can't say, my lud. He only gave me his card. (*presents card*) H'excuse me, me lud, but in my 'aste, h'I ain't quite in the condition I should wish to appear.

SEC. Ah, indeed! show the gentleman here at once. (*Exit WINTER.*) Will you withdraw into the recess of yonder window, for this interview, I think, concerns you?

BEAM. I consider myself a Crown prisoner, and am at your lordship's disposal. (*behind curtains of window.*)

SEC. (*aside*). So, Colonel O'Grady, you apply for and obtain this young gentleman's pardon at the very moment when he was provoking a sedition, and for which you were about to bestow upon him the hand of your ward. (*WINTER. ushers in O'GRADY, D. in F.*)

WINTER. Shall I wait h'up, me lud?

SEC. By no means. You will get no sleep at all.

WINTER. No h'Englishman h'expects any, my lud, in this country. It keeps us all up and continually deprives England of her natural rest. (*aside*) I hope the gentleman will take the hint. [*Exit, D. in F.*]

SEC. Now, Colonel, I am at your service.

O'GRADY (*seated, L. C.*)* I know that your lordship will pardon this

untimely intrusion, when you learn that the sentence of death will in a few hours be executed on a man who is——

SEC. (*after reading paper BEAMISH gave him*). As innocent as you are of the act of which he is accused. Let me see. (*reads to himself*. Then to O'GRADY) His name is Shaun the Post, residing at Rathdrum.

O'GRADY. You astonish me. How could this intelligence have reached you? I left the court-martial a few hours ago and spurred across the country as fast as my horse could carry me.

SEC. My dear Colonel, the sources of information at the disposal of his Majesty's Government are much more extraordinary than we care to acknowledge. Here, you see, we have all the particulars of the matter.

O'GRADY. I am glad to see that you share my convictions that the fellow is not guilty.

SEC. Because I share your motives for that conviction. I know the real culprit. (*complacently takes snuff*.)

O'GRADY. The devil you do!

SEC. Allow me to enjoy your confusion. (*takes snuff*.)

O'GRADY. Will you allow me to enjoy a little of it also, for hang me if I know whom you mean.

SEC. Beamish McCoul!

O'GRADY. The devil! A thousand pardons, but would you say that again?

SEC. Come, Colonel, your surprise is admirably assumed; but since you carry it so far, I must inform you that the sources of information at the disposal of his Majesty's Government even extend to occurrences in your own household. (*business with papers*) Six weeks ago Beamish McCoul landed in Wicklow, coming from France, with the design of marrying your ward, Miss Fanny Power of Cabinteely, (*O'GRADY is exceedingly astonished*) to whom he has for many years been ardently attached. You see, Colonel, disguise is useless. Your little family matters are well known to the Privy Council.

O'GRADY (*rises*). By the Lord Harry! the council, then, is privy to more of my family matters than I am at all acquainted with. (*knock off*.)

SEC. Another attack on poor Winterbottom. Who can this be?

O'GRADY. I don't know, my lord, what your sources of information may be; but when I inform you that the lady in question is my affianced wife, (*BEAMISH behind curtains, shows himself eagerly listening*) I hope you will excuse me if I accord more confidence to my sources of information on this point than to any on which his Majesty's Government may rely.

SEC. (*aside*). His affianced wife! (*aloud*) Then why, Colonel, have you so ardently besought this young man's pardon?

O'GRADY. Because Fanny demanded it.

Appear at D. in F., WINTERBOTTOM, in nightcap.

WINTER. A lady in a buggy, my lud.

SEC. Are you sure, Winterbottom, that it is a lady?

WINTER. Quite sure, me lud. She wouldn't take no for a h'answer. She was werry 'igh indeed with the 'all porter, and she hazded him this note. (*gives SECRETARY folded paper*.)

SEC. (*reads paper, evinces surprise and pleasure. Aside*). Oh, indeed. (*aloud*) I will see the lady immediately.

WINTER. Yes, me lud.

[*Exit.*]

SEC. I regret, Colonel, to defer your business for a few moments. Would you take this chair by the fire, while I give audience to that fair

intruder; (O'GRADY, R.) and I hope to convince you sooner than perhaps you suspect, how perfect is our detective system of police. (O'GRADY takes seat R., facing R., screen between him and rest of interior.)

WINTERBOTTOM enters, D. in F., with coat for SECRETARY, who changes gown for it. Exit, WINTER.

SEC. (*aside*). Miss Fanny Power of Cabintee. (*reading card*) So now I perceive the drift of this business. Young McCoul was evidently an old sweetheart of this girl. In his absence she found another swain. He returned to claim her hand, and the crafty maid obtains through Lover No. Two the pardon of her old flame, with which she pays off his prior claim. A very neat female transaction.

WINTERBOTTOM ushers in FANNY, D. in F., hiding dressing-gown as he goes out, same.

(*bow to FANNY*) To what good fortune may I attribute this favor.

FANNY (*unveils herself*). Oh, my lord, it is ill-fortune brings me to your feet.

BEAM. (*aside, looking out*). Fanny!

O'GRADY (*turns his chair quite around to face L., aside*). Powdhers of war! what's that?

FANNY (*seated L.*)* Pardon my agitation, but now that I find myself in your presence, I have lost the courage that sustained me, and perceive only the shame of my proceeding.

SEC. Compose your feelings while I assist you to put in due order the favors you have resolved to obtain from me. First, you will ask me for a revision of the sentence of Shaun the Post, now left for execution for a felony committed by Beamish McCoul.

FANNY (*surprised*). By what power can you read my thoughts?

SEC. Ahem! My dear young lady, the sources of information at the command of his Majesty's Government are extraordinary.

FANNY. Then you know that for many a happy year I have corresponded with the outlaw? (SEC. *nods and tips paper in left hand with pen in his right*) That he returned from his exile, invited by, and relying on my love?

SEC. But meanwhile a certain gallant colonel had won your affection away from the absentee, and as you have lately become the affianced wife of this last gentleman, you desire, in lieu of your hand, to recompense your discarded lover with a full pardon.

FANNY (*smiles*). I am afraid the sources of information of his Majesty's Government fail when they try to investigate a woman's heart or to account for her motives. I love Beamish with a deeper passion since I have wronged him by suspicion, and I became irrevocably his from the moment I gave myself to another! (BEAMISH *shakes his head doubtfully*.)

O'GRADY (*falling back in his chair, aside*). Oh, Fanny, Fanny!

SEC. (*aside*). Ahem! what an awkward disclosure! I am not distinguishing myself in this business.

FANNY. I have deceived these two gentlemen who love me with all their honest hearts, and how have I requited them? I enticed Beamish to return to this country to the foot of the scaffold, and then in a moment of anger cast him off, and bestowed my worthless self on the O'Grady.

* O'GRADY.
R.

BEAMISH.
window.

SECRETARY.
L. C.

FANNY.
L.

SEC. Whereupon the rebel surrendered himself and is now a Crown prisoner. Under the circumstances you allege, you must pardon me if I speak in the language your future husband would employ if he were here and could exercise the powers I hold. The surrender of this hot-headed young man is only known to me. Let him return at once to his exile, and pledge his word never again to set foot in this country. On these conditions he is free to depart. (*looks at BEAMISH, who bows.*)

FANNY. He will do so; he will. He is not so cruel as I am. He will not sacrifice his life as I have done to be revenged upon his love.

SEC. (*draws window curtains*). Let him answer for himself. (*BEAMISH advances.*)

FANNY (*rises*). Beamish!

BEAM. (*grave and reserved*). I have heard your confession, and I understand (*to SECRETARY*) the motives which prompt your lordship's generous offer; for your sake, Miss Power, I accept it. I yield to one who loves you sincerely and deserves you far better than I do. You have wronged him—tell him so. He is generous enough to love you none the less for it.

FANNY. Can you, will you ever forgive me?

BEAM. My exile, which has hitherto been my sole regret, now becomes my only consolation, for when thus separated from you, I shall feel entitled to indulge that love which absence never has enfeebled and time can never efface. (*L.*)

FANNY. Oh, Beamish, don't part from me in this cruel manner. Will you not give me your hand? What! (*BEAMISH turns away*) Not even a look? Do you think O'Grady would blame you if at such a moment you bestowed on me one poor embrace?

O'GRADY (*pushes screen to fall forward, walks to c., over it*). No! (*FANNY screams*) I'll be hanged if he would. Look ye, my lord, what d'ye take me for? You would make me serve a writ of ejectment on my rival, that I may enjoy his property in this lady. Damme, my lord, I'll fight him for it, if you like! but when you ask me to take legal means of righting myself, you forget I am an Irish gentleman, and not a process-server!

FANNY (*face in cloak*). Oh, now I'm ruined entirely.

SEC. I seem to have conducted this affair to a successful eruption! (*up c.*)

O'GRADY. What harm did I ever do to you that you should contemplate making a tombstone of me, to remind you of that young gentleman? Don't you know that the woman that marries one man when she loves another, commits bigamy with malice prepense.

FANNY. I am a mass of iniquity. I don't know what's to be done with me.

O'GRADY. Yes, you do. You know well enough you will become Mrs. McCoul, if his lordship will only give you the chance? And if the Government feels, as he says, under any slight obligations to me, they will requite them if they will enable you to make that gentleman as miserable as you have made me! (*pushes FANNY to BEAMISH. Crosses R.*)

SEC. (*at table*). Can he find two securities for his future good behavior?

O'GRADY. I'll be one. (*BEAMISH shakes his hand.*)

FANNY. I'll be the other. I'll secure him (*embraces BEAMISH.*)

BEAM. How shall I express my acknowledgment in language—

O'GRADY (*abruptly, beating his forehead and running around for his whip and hat*). The devil admire me! I forgot Shaun! Here we are exchanging the height of politeness while we left him beside the door of death and only on a jar.

FANNY Here's your hat.

O'GRADY. It's not that I want so much as my whip. (*gets whip.*)

SEC. (*rings bell*). Shall I dispatch a courier to arrest proceedings? (*writing.*)

O'GRADY. Give it to me. I know what Government speed is! If any animal can get over the ground in time to save the boy, I am that individual. (*SEC. seals paper and gives it to O'GRADY*) So, my lord, pardon the disorder of my leave-taking and the hasty expressions of my acknowledgments.

Enter, D. in F., WINTERBOTTOM. Shoves WINTER. out.

Now, Mr.—Summerbottom, show me the door.

BEAMISH and FANNY shake hands with SECRETARY, taking snuff triumphantly.

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*Same as Act II., Scene 4th. Gas down.*

Enter, R., REGAN, OINY, MORAN, LANAGAN.

REGAN. Not a sign of anybody coming from Dublin.

OINY. An' thim military wouldn't stretch an hour though they knew a minnit itself would save him.

Enter, R., PATSEY.

Well, Patsey, is there a good word in your mouth?

PATSEY. Oh, murder, b'ys, but it's no use; his place is tuk in the car that niver comes back. He is lyin' beyant in the cell there, where you see the loight. Divil a sowl is lit near him, only the praste.

OINY. Isn't Arrah wid him?

PAT. Not a bit of her. She's keenin' round the place like a bewildered sheep, and they keeping her off wid their baganets.

LAN. Ah, the poor crature!

OINY. That's the way av it. Divil a consolation they'll let him have, on'y brid and wather for tay an' the sound of the clock for company.

PAT. I'd give half my loife to save Shaun.

OINY. The half ye are done wid, I suppose.

PAT. C'udn't some one git up by some manes to his window outside there?

OINY. Ah, bathershin! is it up the face of the cliff? D'ye think ye're a fly an' can walk on nothing?

REGAN. Not a human crature could rache that, (*pause*) barrin' he was a say-gull.

PAT. Well, thin, sure, I know where the goonpoudher is shtored, in the vaults below the castle. W'u'dn't it be aisy to blow the place to smithereens!

ALL (*but OINY*). Oh, that's foine! that 'ud astonish thim!

OINY. Yis, and it would take a rise out of Shaun, be the same token.

PAT. (*scratching his head*). Oh, be jabers! I niver thought of that.

OINY. Don't decave yersilves, by's. Shaun's bespoke. The spade is ready for him; and if help doesn't come from Dublin in time, he is past prayin' for. Let us go and say a soft word to Arrah. Where will we find the poor thing?

PAT. I saw her just now climbing the Castle-hill there, to get on the battlements above Shaun's cell, to be as near to him as she could.

OINY. Ah, thin, lit her alone. Her sorry is as wide an' dape as the salt say. It would be on'y foolish for ourselves to thry and draw it off wid a bucket. (ALL off R.)

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—Same as Act II., Scene 3d. Gas down.

Discovering SHAUN and PRIEST at table, R, SHAUN R. side of it, PRIEST L. side, facing each other.

SHAUN. It's true for your riverence. I know, sir, that I've only a couple of hours to live, and I ought to be listening and minding what ye say, and turning my sowl to its prospicets. (PRIEST looks up from reading the Bible) But my heart is too strong for me and I can't howld back from thinking of the poor, darlin' girl I'm lavin' behind me. But go on, sir; I'll try to—to attind and make mysilf fit to die. Iss, sir, now I am listinin'. I won't think of her for tin whole minutes. Didn't you say you saw her standin' outside the prisin-gate as you came in? (PRIEST nods) Poor crature—outside? yis—on'y think of that! I think I see her hungry eyes lookin' through the bars. Bless her. Ah, I forgot, sir. I ax yer pardon, sir. I won't do it agin. Now, I'm—not—not thinking of her.

Enter, L. D., SERGEANT.

(rises) Ah! Sergeant, did you see her? where is she?

SERG. Yes, I saw-her.

SHAUN. Oh, Sergeant, dear! What a happy mæn you are! Ah! if I could have given you my eyes! You saw her, and where is she, at all?

SERG. She is sitting on the watch-tower, just above here.

SHAUN. Above our heads, is it? My darlint is up there, (R. U. E. corner) or may be she'd be more this way to the corner, eh, Sergeant? Ah! tell me, tell me where she is, that I may look to the spot and fix the lips of my heart upon it.

SERG. If that window were not closed with iron bars, you would see her, for her eyes were fixed upon it. She's just over that corner of your cell.

SHAUN. High up on the top of the castle, where it joins the cliff? I know the place. And did you spake to her?

SERG. (with emotion). I did, as well as I could. Her tears fell faster than I could wipe them with this handkerchief—(handkerchief out) and I'd enough to do to cry halt to my own.

SHAUN (takes handkerchief from SERGEANT's eyes). And her tears are in this? (kisses it) Sergeant—whin I die, put this round my eyes, will you? (puts handkerchief in his left breast) And did she spake to you?

SERG. Yes; she said, Sergeant would you order a fire to be lighted in Shaun's cell?

SHAUN. A fire? Sure it's not could.

SERG. So I replied; but she only repeated the same words, and I promised I would have it done.

Two SOLDIERS enter, L. D., with wood and lantern to fireplace, R. 1 E., build fire, light the red fire ready there. Exeunt SOLDIERS, L. D.

SHAUN (aside). Ah, my poor Arrah! I know what she wants. Sure,

won't she see the smoke come from the chimbley above, and she will know it comes from where I am. (*goes up to PRIEST and accompanies him to L. D.*) Ah, your riverence, don't ax me to think of innything ilse for a while. In another hour will you see me again, and thin my heart will be bruk intirely, an' you can do wid me what you will. (*sits R. at table.*)

[*Exit PRIEST, L. D.*]

SERG. There, now, (*up c.*) I will leave you for half an hour, but if you feel lonely, I shall be in the guard-room. Knock at the door yonder, and the sentry will pass the word for me.

SHAUN. Ah, Sergeant, but the milk of good nature is as new in your heart this minnit as when ye first drew a woman's kindness from your mother's brist.

SERG. (*shakes his head. In a broken voice.*) If I am obliged to refuse your girl admission to see you, don't blame me, Shaun. It is my duty, and the riggleations, you know.

SHAUN. Av coorse it is your duty—you can't help it. I would do the same av I wor in your place. (*exit SERGEANT, L. D.*) That's a lie; but no matther, it will be a comfort for him to think so. Ah, now I can look at her. There she is, this minnit. I can hear the batin' of her heart—no, it is me own I hear. Well, it's all the same thing. Oh, Arrah, jewel, if you c'u'd hear me; if—(*drop stone to fall into fireplace*) What's that? (*rises, gets stone*) A stone, and a bit av paper rowled round it. 'Tis from her—from hersilf! there's writin' on it. (*suddenly*) Oh, that's why she wanted me to have a fire! Ha, ha! God bless her! Think of that! Oh, the cunnin' of the crature! (*kisses paper*) Oh, murder! what am I about? maybe I'd rub it out. (*smooths out paper on table*) Now, lit me read. What the devil's got in me eye? (*handkerchief to eyes, nervously, seated L. end of table*) There, now, there; haven't you tears done kissin' one another yet? (*reads*) "My darling, I am near by you. Oh, but my eyes is hungry for you, Shaun. I am looking dowu to where you are now reading this. I'm stretching my arms towards ye. Oh, Shaun God bless ye! and may He help ye to find the heaven that I have lost in this world!" (*passionately*) Oh, Arrah! me heart is brukin intirely! (*his arms fall on table and his head falls forward on them, sobbing.*) ARRAH heard singing above, R. U. E. corner. (*Lifts his head*) Whisht, it's hersilf! she's trying to lit me know that she's there. (*tries to look out of window; gets table and stool on trap to climb up to window*) She's there! she's there! She calls to me, and I—I am caged. (*seizes the bars*) Arrah! Arrah! I can't rache ye—I can't kiss away your tears and hould ye to my heart! Oh! the curse of Crum'ell on these stones. (*shakes the bars furiously*) Eh? the iron moves under me hand—the bars are loose in their sockets. Whisht!—no, it's the stone itself that's split. Oh, murder! could I push it out! It's goin'—be jabers it's gone! (*shoves grating and stone through. Strike the sheet of metal several times, fainter and fainter, as of stone bounding downwards, R. U. E., at back*) Whisht! I hear it thunderin' down the wall. Splash!—it's in the waves below. It's a hunderd fut clane fall. (*wipes his forehead with his sleeve.*) ARRAH sings, as before) She's callin' me ag'in. I'll go to her! (*pulls coat and waistcoat off and throws them on table*) The wall is ould and full of cracks—the ivy grows ag'in' it. It is death, maybe, but I'll die sthrivin' to rache my girl, an' chate the gallows that's waitin' for me. She's on the road to hiven, annyway; and if I fall may the kind angels that lift up my sowl stop for one minnit as they pass the place where she is waiting for me till I see her once ag'in. (*exit through broken windows. Music, mostly tremolo, throughout the following changes.*)

Scene changes.

Sink table and close the trap. Draw in side sets, L. and R. Discover the frame set flat, and the set wall, with SHAUN half way up the steps. SHAUN climbs up, stops, ivy falls on him as his hold slips, and the foliage falls over him, covering him as it hangs. The flat ceases to descend. SOLDIER shows himself, looks down and up. ARRAH sings, as before.

SERGEANT (*looks out of window in flat*). It's all right. (*other SOLDIERS shown at windows, R.*) It's only that girl above there—she has displaced some of the masonry. (*ALL go off, R.*)

SOLDIER (*with musket, shoulders it*). All's well.

(*Voices less and less loud, repeat*). All's well! (*off R.*)

Wall descends. SHAUN climbs up as wall descends, and by the ledge reaches 2d flat of wall. Climbs up it as it descends, and upon the set platform of room, when the SOLDIER (coming on and going off R.) has his back turned to him. SHAUN goes up to the cannon, climbs on it and out of gap. SOLDIER comes on, looks off front, down the wall, while SHAUN climbs through gap. SOLDIER exits, R. SHAUN is seen back of 4th groove flat, climbing along wall to exit, R. All is worked down. Gas up.

SCENE LAST.—ARRAH discovered on set bank, R., singing, as before.

Enter, R. 1 E., FEENY, to C,

FEENY (*aside*). There she is! I thought I heard her keenin' and howlin'. Arrah! (*ARRAH looks round, startled*) jewel, listen to me. It is all over wid Shaun. Saint Pether wouldn't save him! an' the whole county is up in arms agin' you an' me.

ARRAH (*rocks herself in grief*). What is the whole county, or the whole world to me now? Oh, ochone!

FEENY (*up R. C.*). They say that Shaun is dyin' to save yer character, an' you have let him do it. The place will be too hot to hold ye, or me aither. Let us lave it intirely, an' if ye'll put up with me, I'll help ye to forget Shaun.

ARRAH. Michael Feeny, I'd rather take the man that puts my b'y to death this coming mornin' than have you, if you were rowlin' in goold and dimins! Is that enough for ye?

FEENY. Will nothin' bind your heart?

ARRAH. Nothin'; it will break first.

FEENY. What's that n'ise there? Whisht! (*looks over into trap, R. C.*) Something is moving over the face of the wall—there below. It's a man climbin' to this—oh! Arrah! (*takes ARRAH by cloak and brings her to trap*) Come here! come quick! Oh! "your heart will break rather than bind or stoop to me?" Then it shall break! Look down there! D'ye see that form below, clinging to the ivy and crawlin'—crawlin' slowly towards this spot? Does yer heart till ye who it is?

ARRAH (*aghast*). Ah!

FEENY. 'Tis Shaun! Shaun, that your v'ice is drawin' up to yer side, crawlin' through the jaws of death.

ARRAH (*falls on her knees, hands clasped*). Oh, my darlint! Oh, my dear!

FEENY. Will I give the alarm? A bullit from the sintry will find him to glory in one plunge—or—(*picks up the stone*) this stone will pick him off!

ARRAH (*seizes FEENY*). No! (*FEENY holds stone above her reach*) I told ye my time w'u'd come whin I'd make you feel the sorrow ye haped on me.

ARRAH. Let me—let me spake to you!

FEENY. Not a word but one—will you be moine? (*stone up in both hands.*)

ARRAH. Would you murder him?

FEENY (*chuckling*). It's no murder; but anybody is right to kill the condemned felon escapin' from his sentence. Spake out an' answer.

ARRAH. Must I take ye, or see him killed under my eyes?

FEENY. Will ye have me?

ARRAH. No! (*tries to seize FEENY but he eludes her.*)

FEENY. Then to the devil wid him, for you have spoken his doom.

ARRAH struggles with him. *He is just overpowering her when SHAUN'S hands appear; then his head; then SHAUN seizes FEENY'S ankles, the stone and FEENY fall into trap-hole. Pause. Music all through struggle, dies away, SHAUN climbs up exhausted and falls full length on stage beside ARRAH. Drum-beat heard, below stage level. ARRAH and SHAUN embrace, start, go over L. 1 E., where SHAUN hides behind ruins, ARRAH before him.*

Enter, L. 2 E., MAJOR, SOLDIER with torch. SOLDIERS along 2d entrance line to R. C.

MAJOR. A man has fallen from the battlements into the lake below.

Enter, L. 2 E., O'GRADY, SERGEANT with SHAUN'S coat and vest, SOLDIERS.

O'GRADY. It was Shaun! The poor fellow was tryin' to escape; he had broken the bars of his prison window. We found the cell empty and these clothes, the evidence of his desperate adventure.

FANNY and BEAMISH enter, L. 2 E. PEASANTS enter, R. 1 E.

BEAMISH. He may be rescued yet. The boys had seen his attempt at evasion, and they put off in their boats to assist him if he fell.

FANNY. Heaven grant they may succeed.

O'GRADY. A hundred pounds reward to the man that saves him! Ah, has he perished after all? It's a poor consolation for this unfortunate girl to know that here is Shaun's pardon. It has just come in time to be too late.*

O'INY, and all not previously entered, enter, R. 1 E.

O'INY. They've got him! I saw him pulled out of the wather, looking like a drowned kitten.

O'GRADY. Is he alive?

FANNY. It is impossible! he cannot have survived a fall from so fearful a height.

SHAUN (*comes forward*). Spake out, ye thafe, and teil me am I dead?

ALL. Shaun!

O'GRADY. Shaun himsilf!

BEAM. And alive!

FANNY. Oh, how glad I am to see you!

* PEASANTS.

MAJOR.

SERGEANT.

SOLDIERS.

O'GRADY.

BEAMISH.

FANNY.

ARRAH.

SHAUN.

R.

C.

L.

SHAUN No more glad, miss, than I am myself. (BEAMISH and O'GRADY shake his hand.)

ALL. Hurroo!

O'GRADY. Then who was fished up below?

REGAN enters, R. 1 E.

REGAN. It was Feeny.

O GRADY. Feeny? I withdraw the reward!

MAJOR Feeny? what induced the fellow to commit suicide?

SHAUN. I did, sir! He wanted me to go wid him, but I hadn't time, seein' I'm not half through my widdin' yit.

PATSEY enters, R. 1 E.

PATSEY. He's recovered; but his washin' is done for the rest of his life.

O'GRADY. Hang him out to dry.

BEAM. Shaun, can you forgive the sorrow I have caused you?

SHAUN Bless you for it, sir, (c.) for widout it, I'd never have known how Arrah loved me You think, maybe, now, that she was in a bad way about you awhile ago. (FANNY playfully threatens BEAMISH) But oh! if ye'd seen her afther me! I'd consint to be thried, convicted and ixicuted once a week to feel myself loved as I have been loved all this blissid day.

ARRAH. Oh, I can hardly understand my sinses—it comes on me all of a suddint. Is there nothin' agin' Shaun?

BEAM. Nothing, Arrah—he is free.

ALL. Hurroo!

ARRAH. And he won't be tuk from me agin, will he, sir?

O GRADY. No—the law has no further call to him, or to Beamish either; there's a free pardon to both.

ARRAH. D'ye hear that, Shaun?

SHAUN. I do, dear, but it's a mistake; it isn't a pardon I've got. Instead of death, I'm to be transported for life—and it's yersilf that's to see the sintince rightly carried out, my darlint!

ARRAH. Ah! sure, I've done nothing but what any woman in my place w'u'd have done. It is whin a man is in trouble that the brist of his girl grows bowld agin' misfortune When he's wake, she's strong, and if he can purtect her wid his arm, she can cover him wid her heart It's thin she's full of sinse an' cuteness—for her heart gets into her head an' makes a man of her intirely. (to AUDIENCE, advancing, smiling) It's to the faymales av me own six that I appale in this case. Had any o' ye been in my place, w'u'd ye have done a hap'orth less for the man ye loved, than was done this night by ARRAH-NA-POGUE?

PEASANTS.

* *

DINY.* *

REGAN * *

etc. * *

SOLDIERS.

*

*

*

*

*SERGEANT.

O'GRADY.*

MAJOR.* ARR.*

*FAN. *BEAM.

CURTAIN.

DIAMONDS AND HEARTS

• A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

Price, 25 Cents.

This new play has bounded at once into a wide popularity. The good plot, the strong "heart" interest, and the abundant comedy all combine to make a most excellent drama. "Bub" Barnes is a fine character of the Josh Whitcomb type, and his sister is a worthy companion "bit." Sammy is an excruciatingly funny little darky. The other characters are good. Fine opportunity for introducing specialties. The play has so many good points that it never fails to be a success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic.....
INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun.....
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls....
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother
DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage
DR. BURTON, a young physician
SAMMY, the darky bell-boy in the Halstead house
ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough
ATTORNEY; SHERIFF

Time of playing, two hours.

Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO

TOMPKIN'S HIRED MAN

A Drama in Three Acts

Price, 25 Cents

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm-house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

CHARACTERS

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.

Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.

John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.

Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.

Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.

Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.

Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.

Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

Plays about two hours.

SYNOPSIS

Act 1. Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll just give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

Act 2. Chopping mince meat. The letter. Louise faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you? 'You have robbed me of my father's love.' The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never give my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two prop'sitions." Curtain.

Act 3. Dixey builds the fire. "Things haint so dangerous when everybody's got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh drove her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetle gal an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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THE OUTCAST'S DAUGHTER

A Drama in Four Acts

Price, 25 Cents

By MARION EDDY

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Plays two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of fire arms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Carl Faber | An ex-convict |
| Howard Ross | A manufacturer |
| Dennis Hogan | Servant to Ross |
| Abel | Gardener to Ross |
| Judge Havens | Of the police court |
| Recorder | Of the police court |
| Lettner | Clerk of police court |
| Second Court Clerk | Clerk of police court |
| Two policemen | |
| Little Hugo | Agatha's child |
| Agatha Steme | Ross' book-keeper |
| Ida Rheinhold | A retired singer |
| Mrs. Wilmuth | A washer woman |
| Katie | Factory girl |
| Frances | Factory girl |

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act 1. Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

Act 2. Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I would lie, if I say she was anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms I have never used. If you will take them—" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

Act 3. Ross' Garden. "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

Act 4. A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It was dark und Mrs. Steme was that scared, she was faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you." "I am his wife. Do not condemn him."

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CHICAGO

CAPT. RACKET

A Comedy in Three Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

Price, 25 Cents

This play by Mr. Townsend is probably one of his most popular productions; it certainly is one of his best. It is full of action from start to finish. Comic situations follow one after another, and the act endings are especially strong and lively. Every character is good and affords abundant opportunity for effective work. Can be played by five men and three women, if desired. The same scene is used for all the acts, and it is an easy interior. A most excellent play for repertoire companies. No seeker for a good play can afford to ignore it.

CHARACTERS

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time....Comedy lead

OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea."
..... Comedy old man

TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money and is sorry for it. Juvenile man

MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, jolly old cove.....Eccentric

HOBSON, a waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion Utility

CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful" Comedy lead

MRS. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spiritOld woman

KATY, a mischievous maid Soubrette

TOOTSY, the "Kid," Tim's olive branchProps.

SYNOPSIS

Act I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: The same. Time: Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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BECAUSE I LOVE YOU

Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Author of "A Woman's Honor," "A Noble Outcast," "A Modern Ananias," "Santiago," etc.

Price, 25 Cents

Eight male, four female characters. Plays two hours. Modern costumes. This is probably the strongest drama written of the modern romantic style. It is a pure love story and its sentiment and pathos are of the sterling, honest kind which appeals to every man and woman with a human heart. The stage business will be found extremely novel, but easily accomplished. The climaxes are all new and tremendously effective. One climax especially has never been surpassed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Imogene Courtleigh. Wilful, wayward and wealthy.....Juvenile lead
Ginger. A Gypsy waifSoubrette
Nance Tyson. Her supposed motherCharacter
Prudence Freeheart. A poor relationOld maid comedy
Horace Verner. An artist and accidentally a married man..Juvenile lead
Dink Potts. His chum and incidentally in love with Ginger.....
.....Eccentric comedy
Ira Courtleigh. Imogene's guardianHeavy
Buck Tyson. A Gypsy tinkerCharacter comedy
Elmer Van Sittert. Anglomaniac, New Yorker.....Dude comedy
Major Duffy. County Clerk and Confederate veteran.....Irish comedy
Squire Ripley. A Virginia landlordCharacter old man
Lige. A gentleman of colorNegro character
Note: Squire Ripley and Van Sittert may double.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act 1. "The George Washington," a country tavern in old Virginia. An impromptu wedding. "When I was on the boards at old Pott's theatre." "Horace has fallen in love and has done nothing but rave about her ever since." "The marriage ceremony performed, I depart, and you will make no attempt ever to see me again." "Except at your own request, never!"

Act 2. Lovers Leap, a Blue Mountain precipice. A daring rescue. "Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady." "Do you ever feel the need of a faithful friend?" "I do, I do, I'm thinking of buying a bulldog." "Look at the stride of him, and Imogene sitting him as if he were a part of herself." Within twenty feet of certain death. "Gone? Without even my thanks for such a deed of desperate heroism?"

Act 3. The Courtleigh Place. A woman's folly. "And you say his father was a gentleman?" "I have already refused to sign the document." "Stand back, she is my wife."

Act 4. The "Mountain Studio." "You're too good to let that French girl get you." "I struck him full in the face and the challenge followed." "You will not meet this man, dear love?" "It shall, at least, be blow for blow." "I release you from your promise. Fight that man." "I'm the happiest man in old Virginia, because you love me."

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UNCLE RUBE

An Original Homestead Play in Four Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

The Finest Rural Drama Ever Published

Price, 25 Cents

CHARACTERS

RUBEN RODNEY, (Uncle Rube) Justice of the Peace, School Trustee, and a Master hand at "swappin' hosses".....Character lead
SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain..Character heavy
MARK, his son, a promising young rascalStraight heavy
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artistJuvenile lead
UPSON ASTERBILT, an up-to-date New York dude..Character comedy
IKE, the hired man. "I want ter know!"Eccentric
BUB GREEN, a comical young rusticLow comedy
BILL TAPPAN, a country constableComedy
MILICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher"Juvenile lady
MRS. MARTHA BUNN, a charming widow.....Character comedy
TAGGS, a waif from New YorkSoubrette

Time—Mid Autumn. Place—Vermont.

Time of Playing—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.
ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.
ACT. III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.
ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION

MR. TOWNSEND says of this drama, "I consider that 'Uncle Rube' is far superior to any play depicting country life that I have yet written."

This is the play for everybody—amateurs as well as professionals. It can be produced on any stage, and pleases all classes, from the most critical city audiences to those of the smallest country towns. Printed directly from the author's acting copy, with all the original stage directions.

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A WOMAN'S HONOR

A Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Author of "A Noble Outcast," "Sanitago," "Modern Ananias," etc., etc.

Price, 25 Cents

Seven male, three female characters. Plays two hours. For intense dramatic action, thrilling climaxes, uproarious comedy and a story of absorbing romantic interest, actors, either professional or amateur, will find few plays to equal "A Woman's Honor." With careful rehearsals they will find a sure hit is made every time without difficulty.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|------------------|
| General Mark Lester. A Hero of the Cuban Ten Years War..... | Lead |
| Pedro Mendez. His half brother | Heavy |
| Dr. Garcia. Surgeon of the Madaline | Straight |
| Gilbert Hall, M. D. In love with Olive | Juvenile |
| Robert Glenn. A Wall Street Banker..... | Old man |
| Gregory Grimes. Lester's Private Secretary | Eccentric Comedy |
| Ebenezer. Glenn's Butler | Negro Comedy |
| Olive } Glenn's } | Juvenile lead |
| Sally } Daughters } | Soubrette |
| Maria. Wife of Pedro | Character |

NOTE.—Glenn and Garcia may double.

Act 1. The Glenn Mansion, New York City.

Act 2. The Isle of Santa Cruz, off San Domingo. One month later.

Acts 3 and 4. Lester's home at Santa Cruz. Five months later. Between Acts 3 and 4, one day elapses.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

Act 1. Handsome drawingroom at Glenn's. Sally and Ebenezer. "I isn't imputtinent, no, no, Missy." "Papa can't bear Gregory Grimes, but I'm going to marry him, if I feel like it." "Going away?" "I was dizzy for a moment, that was all." "This marriage is absolutely necessary to prevent my disgrace." "General Lester, you are a noble man and I will repay my father's debt of honor." "Robert Glenn is dead."

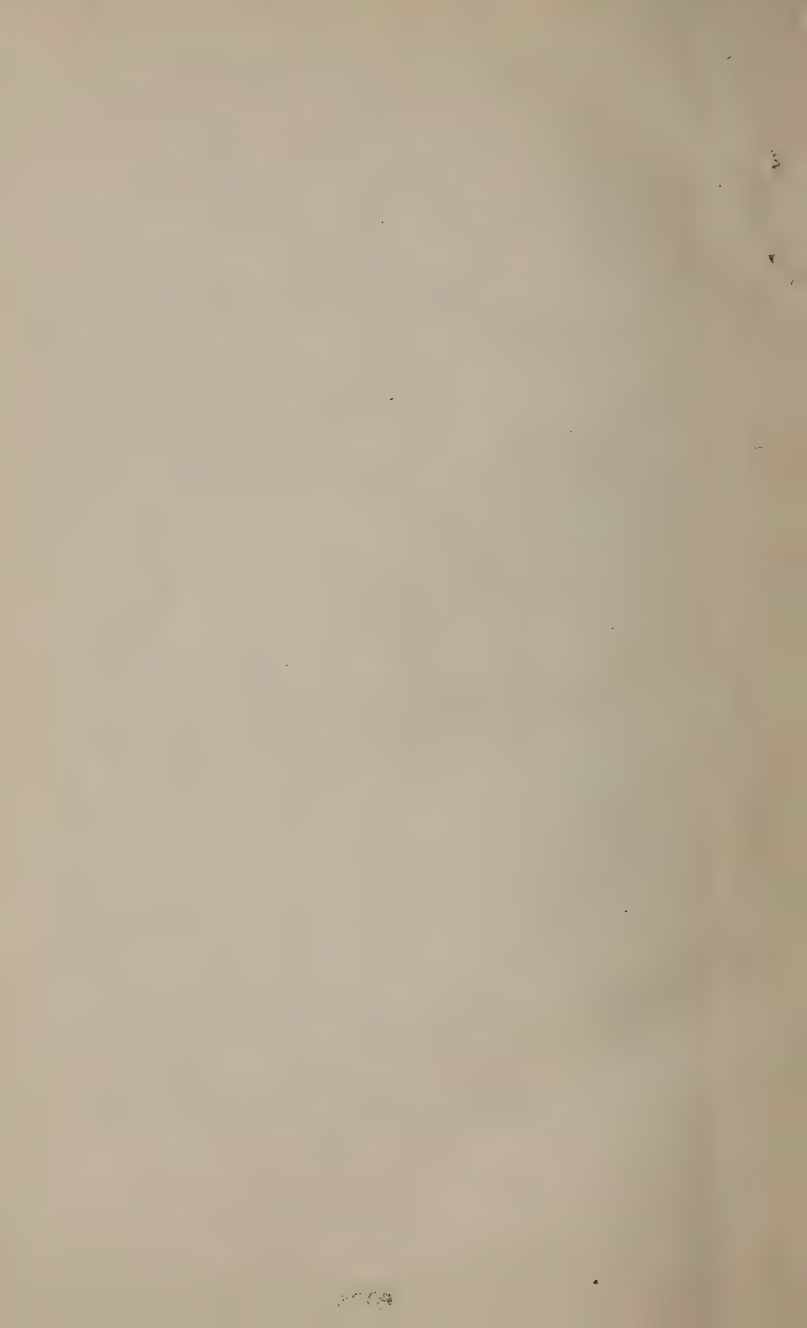
Act 2. Isle of Santa Cruz. "Mark brings his American bride to his home today." "You and I and our child will be no better than servants." "How can I help but be happy with one so good and kind?" "It means I am another man's wife." "Dat's mine; don't you go to readin' my lub lettahs in public."

Act 3. Sitting-room in Lester's house. "What has happened? Is my husband safe?" "Break away, give your little brother a chance." "To tell the truth, my heart is breaking." "Debt of duty! and I was fool enough to think she loved me."

Act 4. "The illness of the general has an ugly look." "The gossips have it she would rejoice to be rid of her husband." "The Gilbert Hall I loved is dead." "Standing on the brink of the grave, my vision is clearer." "Forgive, and I will devote my life to making you happy in order to repay the debt I owe you—a debt of honor."

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